

# INDIA



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A Village in India.

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# WOMAN'S TALKS ABOUT INDIA:

OR,

## THE DOMESTIC HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY

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"KARDOO," "SHOSHIE," "SCENES OF EVERY DAY LIFE IN AFRICA," ETC.

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TO THE  
YOUNG FRIENDS OF MISSIONS  
IN AMERICA.

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THE kind reception given to a former little book of mine has encouraged me to prepare this one. If it likewise is welcomed, I may write another of a similar character, giving further experiences in heathen lands not usually found in works relating to missions.

When you go to a foreign land, it takes a long time to learn the peculiar ways and habits of the people; unless, indeed, you read many books on these subjects. My object in this volume is to tell you what I have seen in India, and not what others have said or written about it; though I shall now and then do this,

when they describe customs or things like those I have witnessed.

I trust that the more you learn of heathen lands, the more grateful you will be for the blessings you possess, and the more earnest you will become in your efforts to send similar blessings to these dark lands.

That this book may aid in accomplishing this end is the sincere prayer of your friend,

HARRIET G. BRITTAN.



# TALKS ABOUT INDIA.

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## CHAPTER FIRST.

EXTENT, POPULATION, RELIGION, AND CASTES OF INDIA.

**I**N these days, when steam navigation and the telegraph are bringing the most distant parts of the earth so close together that those on the opposite side of the globe are becoming our neighbors, we should take every opportunity to improve our acquaintance with the people, their manners, habits, and customs.

Come with me, then, as we start on our first voyage to India. As we have a very long journey before us, let us freshen our memories with regard to the land to which we are bound. Many persons have very vague ideas concerning India. They think it is a very large country, intensely hot, where the people are all

heathens and in a state of semi-barbarism, where there are immense jungles full of elephants, tigers, and snakes. This is about all they know of that country.

Now let us examine it more closely. It is truly a very large country; so large that, like our own United States, it has every variety of temperature and climate, from the intense heat of the torrid zone under the equator to the regions of perpetual snow in the Himalaya Mountains. The inhabitants of India, unlike those of China and Japan, are not one people, under one rule, with one language and one set of customs, habits, and religion. India resembles a vast continent inhabited by a number of different nations and peoples, composing one-sixth of the population of the whole world. One portion of these are Mohammedans; the rest, though mostly heathen or idolaters, are as varied in their customs and modes of worship and languages as are the different nations of Europe. Now we should think a traveller very inaccurate who described the religious rites, ceremonies, social customs, and habits of Russia or of Wales, and then should say that

those were the customs and habits alike of Europe. Therefore, travellers in India should be careful to say, they do thus and so in Bombay or in Bengal (different parts of India), instead of saying, they do so in India, leaving the reader to suppose that such is the custom all over that vast country, when it probably is confined to one part only.

There are thirty-six distinct spoken languages in India; and wherever you find a distinct spoken language, there you will find the customs, both social and religious, distinct also. Some tribes are in a state of almost total barbarism, others again in a high state of civilization. The Mohammedans, about five hundred years ago, conquered a large portion of India, and it is that part chiefly that is now under British rule. Many large tracts are, however, yet under the rule of their petty kings or rajahs, whilst others hold their possessions partially tributary to the English.

Thus, you will find, there are a great variety of peoples in India; and even in the same section, the caste system which prevails almost everywhere makes a marked distinction be-

tween people of the same tribe ; and as no man can ever change his caste, but must always continue the same as his ancestors have been, this distinction between the barbarous and refined has continued from age to age.

The Mohammedan invasion brought with it some improvements in architecture, but little or no beneficial results in anything else ; certainly not in morals. The East India Company's government was very little better. Under that rule men went out to enrich themselves, not to benefit India ; and it was a proverb among the Hindoos before the mutiny, "If every Englishman left India, they would leave no traces behind to mark that they had been here but piles of empty bottles." Since the days of the mutiny, now over twenty years ago, things have much changed. The East India Company has been abolished ; the Queen has ruled India through her viceroys ; and much has been done for the improvement of the condition of the country and its inhabitants, though still much, very much, remains to be done. Good roads, bridges, railroads, and telegraphs are becoming common in all

parts of India; and sights, scenes, and places, once entirely closed against the so-called "polluted" Christian, are now quite familiar to the western traveller, none daring, with a few rare exceptions, to forbid his going where he pleases.

The name of this country (India) was given to it by the Persians, Greeks, and Romans. It was so called after the Indus, one of its largest rivers. In the Sanscrit, the most ancient language of the country, it is known as "*Bharat*." India is also often called Hindustan, or Hindoostan, in America and Europe; but Europeans living in that country, and natives, use this name to designate that portion only of India which lies north of the river Nerbuddah or its latitude, except, perhaps, Bengal. Hindustan is derived from two Persian words—*Hindu*, blacks, and *stan*, place or region, and hence means "country of the blacks." The extreme length of India, from Cape Comorin to the northern limit, is nearly two thousand miles, and its extreme breadth, from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, is upward of fifteen hundred miles. It covers an area of 1,360,000 square miles, or greater than that of all the

United States east of the Mississippi River; and its population is estimated at about 175,000,000. The whole of India may be divided into six natural physical divisions: 1. The great mountain chain, on the north, known as the Himalaya, the highest mountains in the world. 2. The valley of the Indus, on the west, including the Punjaub, or the "country of the five rivers." A part of this valley or plain, south of the Punjaub, is a sandy desert, called the desert of Scinde. 3. The plain of the Ganges, on the east, which includes the most fertile, best cultivated, richest, and most populous portion of all India. The city of Calcutta is in this district. 4. The highlands of northern India, a triangular region, whose base is among the Vindhya Mountains, and its apex near the noted city of Delhi. 5. The Deccan, a term originally applied to the whole of India south of the Nerbuddah River, but later only to that portion between the Nerbuddah on the north and Kishnah on the south, a tableland, some portions of which are twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level. Within this district was the famous kingdom

of Golconda, so noted for its trade in diamonds. In this division lies the city of Bombay. 6. Southern India, including the great city of Madras. This comprises the warmest parts of the country, and is celebrated for its tropical fruits. India has three rivers, each of which exceeds two thousand miles in length—the Indus, Ganges, and Brahmapootra—and three or four others of about a thousand miles each, from their mouths to their sources. The English government has extended its sway over most of India, and controls it from the three great commercial centres of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

Among the more important of the many languages of India is the Sanscrit, once a spoken tongue, but now a dead language like the classic Greek and Latin. All the sacred books and ancient literature of the Hindoos are written in this tongue, and a knowledge of this language is a necessary part of the education of all well-trained Brahmins. Besides the Sanscrit are the Tamil, the Teloogoo, the Mahrathi, the Bengali, the Hindi, the Sindhi, the Panjaubi, the Hindustani, and many others less known

to American readers.\* Originally and theoretically there were four great ranks or castes : the Brahmins or priests, the Kshatruyas or warriors, the Vaisyas or traders, and the Shudras or servants. The second and third, as pure castes, are now held by the Brahmins to be extinct. The other castes have, however, been broken up into a great number of mixed ranks or castes of various kinds. The Brahmins are estimated at 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 ; they hold most of the offices, act as soldiers, and hold that it is lawful to engage in any of the occupations of lower and mixed castes, but if one eats with or touches certain food of the other classes, even accidentally, he forfeits his caste, and becomes an outcast.

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\* The modern Aryan languages of India, according to recent authorities, are besides the Sanscrit seven in number, viz. : Sindhi, Panjaubi, Mahrathi, Guzerati, Hindi, Oriya, and Bengali. The Dravidian family of languages consists of Tamil, Teloo goo, Canarese, Malayalam, Tooloo, Coorg, Tooda, Gond, Ku or Koo, Rajmahal, and Oraon.





Talks about India.



A Palanquin.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

### LIFE AT MADRAS.

**K**ATAMARANS.—Our ship dropped anchor about two miles from the shore at Madras, as the surf is so high that it is dangerous for vessels to approach any nearer. A sudden breeze springing up might dash the ship on shore, where she would be very quickly broken in pieces by the force of the waves. A sudden storm often arises, and ships that are at anchor must weigh anchor and put out again to sea, sometimes even for days, to escape being wrecked. The English government has for years been at work trying to build a break-water and a pier for the landing of goods and passengers, but these are almost useless. Already many thousand pounds have been spent in the work, and years of labor, but the most experienced captains have no faith that it will ever be of much service. No sooner had our ship dropped anchor than we were surrounded

by a number of little katamarans. These are most singular little boats. They are generally composed of three logs of wood, fastened together, flattened at the upper side, and slightly scooped out, and the ends bent up a little like a snow-shoe. On this these natives generally sit, with a large basket containing fish, shells, cocoa-nuts, and the like, which they bring for sale. The two men at either end propel the boat by paddling; the one in the centre fishes, or takes care of the fish when caught. They kneel on this queer little raft, sitting back on their heels, the water washing completely over their frail bark and their lower limbs at every stroke; and the slightest overbalancing would submerge them instantly in the water. This seldom occurs, however, and when it does it is a matter of no consequence, except the loss of their fish, as they are just like ducks in the water, and have no clothing to be spoilt, as they wear nothing but a small strip of cloth around their loins. In an instant they right their little boat and mount it again. Numbers of these boats surrounded the ship, and the natives on them made loud cries, scolding and

wrangling—for they can do nothing without a great noise—trying to sell their fish to the captain. These men were fully as dark as negroes, only they had straight black hair, aquiline noses, and thin lips.

MASOOLIE BOATS.—In a few moments we saw six boats of another kind coming towards us. Each one was propelled by ten or twelve oarsmen, with a man at the stern to steer. These were the masoolie, or “surf boats,” by which everything, including passengers, is landed from, and brought to, vessels. They are very curious-looking boats, the sides rising from six to eight feet above the surface of the water, and the boards of which they are constructed are not nailed or screwed, but sewed together with a species of cane, and the interstices calked with straw, hemp, and cocoa-nut fibres. No common boats would stand the pressure of the surf, but these are more elastic. They look very dangerous, as they are tossed up and down by the furious boiling of the surf waves; but the natives are very skillful in managing them, and it is seldom that an accident occurs, except in a severe storm. The

steersman watches with a keen eye, and gives the word of command to the men at the oars, so as to take the greatest advantage of the rolling in and out of these big waves, one of which will sometimes land you high and dry on the beach ; but it is done with so much shouting, screaming, and gesturing, that it strikes you at first with the greatest alarm. And in fact no one would ever wish to land at Madras merely for the pleasure of the trip to the shore.

HARD BEDS.—I had expected to enjoy my first night's sleep on shore very much, but was disappointed. I suppose excitement, the strangeness of the place, and above and beyond all, the excessive hardness of the bed and pillow, made it impossible for me to get any rest. These hard beds and pillows are the fashion in India. The hardest square pillow on an old-fashioned hair-cloth sofa is beautifully soft compared with most of the pillows there. I suppose these pillows are to secure coolness ; but I never could get used to them ; and always, wherever I went in India, if I wanted to get a night's rest, I carried my pillow with me ; and I

would advise all travellers from this land to do the same. Just at daybreak I was falling into a doze, when I was aroused by a peculiar sound, which, after listening attentively, I was sure must be the note of a bird. It was a prolonged "keer, keer," not a shrill sound, but peculiarly soft and soothing. I found afterwards that it was the note of a species of small kite, of peculiar beauty, called the Brahmin kite, from its superiority in appearance to all other species of kites.

CHOTA HADJEREE, OR "LITTLE BREAKFAST."—I was just getting into a doze again when I heard a low sound hissed into my ear, "Ma'am Sahib!" I started up in my bed with a loud cry of fright, when a voice said, "It only I, Ma'am Sahib (madam). I bring your coffee. Iayah" (waiting-woman). And I saw a dusky form clothed in white, with a nice little tray, on which was a cup of coffee and a slice of toast. She repeated, "I bring your *chota hadjeree*, Ma'am Sahib," and laying the tray on the bed, she disappeared. All over India this is the invariable custom, to have a slice of toast and a cup of tea or coffee brought to your room before you leave it, as it

is considered very injurious to breathe the morning air upon an empty stomach, and the general breakfast in most families is never served before nine o'clock, more frequently at ten or eleven.

GHOSTS.—I never could get over the nervous feeling I always had at the ghost-like appearance of the native servants in India. Though there are doors to the rooms, they are seldom closed; and curtains, or “*purdahs*,” about six feet in length, are hung in the doorways, for the purpose of allowing a current of air to pass above them from one room to the other. Consequently the native servants, going barefooted, as they always do, can slide in and out under the curtains without there being the noise of any door to open or shut. I have frequently been alone in my sitting-room, working, writing, or reading, with everything perfectly still around me, when suddenly I would hear close at my elbow a deep gruff voice saying, “*Ma’am Sahib*.” I would turn with a half shriek, and see before me a tall, ghastly figure, enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, with only a very small part of a dark face peeping out; for





Talks about India.



A Palkee Ghang, or Indian carriage.

in the cool season, in the evening, they cover themselves up thus completely in a sheet. In all the years I was in India I never could overcome the start this apparition would give me.

GHANGS.—One thing that struck me very comically in Madras was the conveyance called the palky ghang. This is common all over India, indeed is the most general means of conveyance. The palky is a black box, about six feet long, three feet high, and two and a half feet broad, which, instead of opening at the top, opens at either side with sliding doors. It has a thin cushion inside, and you can either sit up or lie down inside. A pole projects from each end, and four persons carry this on their shoulders, two at either end. A palky ghang is one of these, minus the poles, set on wheels, with a box in front for the driver, and a box in the centre for you to put your feet in, instead of lying down. These conveyances are intended for two persons sitting *vis-à-vis*, but sometimes four can crowd in. They are classed as first, second, and third class, and the price and respectability of them varies, of

course, according to the class. An accurate description of the latter can hardly be made. It is the most crazy, rickety machine you ever saw, looking as if it would fall to pieces or totter over every instant. Every vestige of paint is worn off, and the wood is all blistered by the sun. The sliding doors are either pushed completely back or have slid away altogether. Within you see four dusky, almost black figures,—for the lower class are very dark; they are nearly nude, for the only garment worn by them is a strip of cloth wrapped round them, and descending from the waist to the knees. This is of cotton cloth, which was white once, but now is hardly distinguishable in color from the form which it enfolds; while projecting from the place where the doors should be you perceive four long, lean black legs in most grotesque positions. This vehicle is drawn by one or two native horses of a small species, not much larger than ponies, and which appear to be in the last stages of consumption, having been educated in the school of that man who taught his horse to live upon one straw a day. They are fastened to the ghang

by ropes, rotten and dirty, tied together with many knots and pieces of twine; and the "jehu" is mounted on a broken box, from which you fear he will fall every moment. He is generally a youngster from fourteen to sixteen years of age; his costume is pretty much the same as that of those he drives, except being, if possible, a shade dirtier and more ragged; his hair—he wears no head-gear—is sticking out all round his head, thick with filth; and in his hand he holds a long bamboo cane, with which he keeps striking the poor beasts all the time, kicking his feet to keep time with his arms, and constantly shouting and screaming most vociferously either at his horses or at his fellows whom he meets. It is altogether such a turnout as would attract thousands of spectators in any of our cities; but you see it all over India.

RUBBING WITH OIL.—One reason why the natives are so black is this: when an infant is born it is rubbed all over with mustard oil, a very dark oil, and is laid in the sun to dry, and this is done every day till the child is a month old; and among the poorer classes they con-

time to do this in the cold season to keep them warm.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.—They have a pretty custom here on New Year's day. The natives go and see their friends, taking with them a lime and a wreath of yellow flowers; sometimes they gild the lime. There is an old Tamil proverb that a lime is the most acceptable present for a rajah, and the yellow flowers, being the color of gold, are therefore the most valuable. The man will throw the wreath over your head round your neck, make a most profound salaam, and depart.

TODDY.—One day I went with Mr. H. to see a native temple a few miles outside of the city. On our way we passed a large cocoa-nut grove, which was used not to obtain fruit, but for the manufacture of toddy. Getting out of the carriage, we went into the grove, while Mr. H. explained the process. The toddy is used as we use yeast for raising bread, and after it ferments it becomes an intoxicating drink. At the entrance to the grove we passed an object lying on the ground. I started back, for it looked in shape just like a dead body rolled in

Talks about India.



Indian Toddy Gatherers.





a white sheet so that not a particle of the body was visible. I saw that Mr. H. was passing it very unconcernedly, so I asked what it was. "Oh," said he, "it is only a man asleep; they roll themselves up tight like this, to prevent mosquitoes and other insects from attacking them, and mother earth is the softest resting-place they require."

The process of getting toddy was this: the cocoa-nut tree, as you know, grows up very straight and tall without branches, but at the top there is a canopy of leaves or branches, and directly under these the nuts grow in clusters or bunches. Just at the season of the year when the buds are starting to form the nuts, a man ascends the tree, by what the boys call "shinning up," peels the skin from the top of the bud, and ties a jar beneath it. The next morning he ascends, finds the jar full of liquid, peels off again the fresh skin that has formed in the night, and tying a fresh jar to the spot, he again leaves it for twenty-four hours. This tree of course never produces fruit, but it will continue thus to give forth its sap for months. This sap they boil and get a coarse black sugar

from it, of which they are very fond. I used this as an illustration once in mission work.

You are aware that the women of India are as ignorant as little children of natural history, and all the processes of nature. One day I was teaching in one of my zenanas, and as usual, besides my pupils, there were a number of other women sitting around, listening to all I said. Amongst them was one with a very bright, intelligent countenance, but whom I did not remember to have seen before. To something I said in my teaching, this woman called out, "I won't believe that. I can't understand it; it is contrary to my reason, and I will not believe it." I replied: "But there are many things that you believe, that you cannot understand or explain." "No!" she exclaimed, "I will not believe anything that I cannot understand." For a minute or two I could not think of any illustration, so I told the woman who had been reading to go on with the lesson. Then, on looking up, I saw what I wanted. Over the roof of the house, at a short distance away, I saw a tall cocoa-nut tree and a man ascending to get the toddy.

I started forward most eagerly, and pointing to the tree, said: "Look yonder; what is that man doing?" All rose to look, and began to tell me about the man going up to get toddy, and the woman I mentioned was most eager to explain. I looked at her very earnestly while she was talking, and when she had finished I pretended to be very angry, and in a stern voice demanded of her how she could tell me such an untruth? Did she think, because I was a stranger in the country, she could so impose on me and tell me what was utterly false? Then she and all the other women were most earnest in their reiterations that it was true, indeed it was true. I replied: "It is not true; the man deceives you; he never can bring down water from the top of the tree, and I will show you how impossible it is. We have not had a drop of rain for four months, and if we had, the rain would not have settled up in the top of the tree; its leaves are shaped like an umbrella, and the rain would instantly fall down. Then you never saw water run up the outside of a tree; water runs down, not up; and if you cut a tree down (they had recently

had one cut down, and the trunk was lying across the court), you will never find a drop of water therein; it is quite dry." Then looking very hard at the woman, I said: "I can't understand it, I won't believe it, it is contrary to my reason." Immediately all the women clapped their hands, burst out laughing, and pointing to the woman, said, "Now you've got it, you've got it." It was a most conclusive argument to them, as they knew nothing of the processes of nature in generating sap.

TEMPLE NEAR MADRAS.—After leaving the cocoa-nut grove, we rode off for two or three miles to see one of the largest temples in the neighborhood. A very high wall surrounds a piece of ground of about twelve acres, in a square form, inside of which are three temples. No Christian may enter this enclosure, as it is considered very sacred. These temples have spires something like our temples, only they are larger around, and the whole of the outside of the buildings is covered over with very ugly and grotesque figures, while inside they have sixty-two gods, of which the priests take great care. Outside the wall is a very large tank.

A tank is an excavation dug six to twelve feet deep and then walled round, to collect and retain the rain, which at one season falls very heavily. This tank appears like a pretty little lake, and in the middle of it a small square house is built, open at the sides like a summer-house. This, too, is profusely ornamented with grotesque figures. Here two or three times a year, on their grand feast days, the people bring all the gods out of the temple, and give them a washing and put on their new clothes. Crowds of people stand on the shore to see this, though no one dares touch the water except the Brahmin priests. After the gods are all washed, the poor people pay a little money to the priests for some of the water, which they then sprinkle upon themselves, and think they are very holy. A tree very near the tank was pointed out as having risen from the roots of one in which the god Siva had at one time been hid. The story they tell is this :

THE HOLY MAN AND SIVA.—A Brahmin had once become so holy, by the practice of severe penances and austerities, that he could command the gods to grant him whatsoever he

might desire. He therefore called upon Siva and demanded of him that he should grant him the power, that upon whomsoever he should lay his right hand, the person touched should be burnt to ashes. Now Siva, being a god, could look into the holy man's heart, and he perceived what the holy man's desire was, that as soon as he received the power, he should lay his hand upon the god himself and burn him up. Now, though he knew this, the god was obliged to give him the power. As soon, therefore, as the holy man had received the gift, he began to pursue the god that he might lay his hand upon him. Siva had to flee, and in flying changed himself into different shapes again and again, to enable him to escape his pursuer. He fled from one city and place to another, till at length, when he came down here, Siva was almost within the saint's grasp. To avoid this he jumped into a tree, and changed himself into the kernel of one of its fruits. The fakir's head was turned away at the minute, so that he did not see which way the god went. He turned round, but the god had disappeared; he was in great perplexity, as nothing was to be

seen in the whole plain but this one tree and a ploughman at work with his oxen. At last he called to the ploughman, to ask him which way the god had gone. This placed the poor ploughman in a very hard position. He knew if he did not tell the saint, he would punish him ; and if he did tell him, then the god would afterwards punish him ; so he thought at length that he would avoid both by not saying a word, and simply pointing with his finger to the fruit in which the god lay concealed. The fakir now sat himself down under the tree, and as it was too high for him to climb to obtain the fruit, he determined to wait patiently till it should fall.

Now the god Vishnu, seeing the trouble in which his brother god was, changed himself into the form of a beautiful woman, and thus appeared before the fakir, who immediately fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. She agreed, but told him that as she was a high-caste Brahmin woman, he must go through the ceremonies of the worship of Vishnu first. This he directly proceeded to perform, forgetting that in one part of it he had to lay his hand

on his head. He did this suddenly, and immediately he himself was burnt to ashes, and thus the god Siva was released from his imprisonment. Siva turned directly in great fury on the poor ploughman who had pointed with his finger at the fruit, and told him he should have that finger chopped off. The wife of the poor man, who had just come into the field bringing her husband's dinner, knelt before the angry god, and implored him not to maim her husband, for if he did so, not only would the man suffer, but she and her children would starve to death, as he would be unable to work to obtain them food. She besought him to take her finger instead. The god consented, upon the condition that not only should she lose her finger, but that every woman of her family, on the occasion of the marriage of her first daughter, should have the forefinger of her right hand chopped off, and this was to continue to all generations. I have seen two women said to belong to that family who have been thus maimed. They are of the coolie caste. It is very sad to know that these poor people believe these ridiculous legends as firmly as we do the revealed word of God.



BOYS' SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—While at Madras, I attended the examination of the boys' school of the Free Kirk of Scotland. It is a day school, and has collected many hundreds of heathen and Mohammedans. We heard them examined in Scripture, geography, and Euclid. I could not help thinking, as I looked at the boys and remembered their surroundings, how much more people expect from the labors of missionaries than they ought to expect. At home, if boys are taken out of degradation, and removed entirely from the sights, scenes, and companions of their former vicious courses, and have everything done to elevate them, we do not think time or money has been wasted, though none may become professing Christians while in the institute to which they have been taken. We think a vast deal has been done in training them in good habits, in teaching them the letter of the Holy Word—which assuredly, at some time, brings forth fruit—and in giving them the means of earning an honest livelihood. Though praying for greater and for spiritual results, yet we are not dissatisfied with these. Strange that we should feel that there ought

to be such different results in heathen lands. For, notwithstanding all the enticements and persecutions of friends, all their former heathen training, and the scenes that are constantly around them, the natural enmity of the heart of man to the holiness required by God, and the strong efforts put forth by Satan to retain possession of his stronghold—in spite of all this, Christians seem to expect that every heathen to whom the gospel is preached will immediately embrace it. You look to read of numbers joining the church, and if you do not see this you think that nothing has been done. But the seed is being sown now; the harvest will be hereafter. Is it nothing that now in all heathen lands, hundreds and thousands are being taught the pure Word of God? Yes, but, some will say, what good does that do as long as they do not renounce entirely their idolatries? Stop, my friend; look at home: go into one of our large, fashionable congregations. There are a thousand people. Out of that number, how many are nominally professing Christians? And how many of those again are really earnest, devoted ones? Judge ye: what, then, are the

others? It is true, they have been benefited and elevated to a high degree by their intellectual knowledge of the doctrines of the cross; but each one retains his or her own idol, not as palpable as those of the heathen, but still an idol which is worshipped. With one, it is himself, with another, wealth, fame, or friends, which holds the supreme place God alone should have; and when we think of this, remember that, here, to be called a Christian is a title of respect, and might tempt many to hypocrisy for gain; while among the heathen it is a disgrace and a cause of much bitter persecution, and therefore far less likely to be insincere. Did we think rightly on this subject, our wonder would be, not that there are so few, but that there are so many, professing Christians in India.

THE GOD'S MARK.—I noticed that many of the Hindoos whom we met had marks of different kinds on their foreheads, painted red and white. These are the distinguishing marks of the particular god to whose worship they have devoted themselves. They are very careful that these marks should be perfectly correct, so that

no mistake shall be made about them ; and they are particular to have them renewed every morning. Should not this be a lesson to Christians to be careful that they bear about with them the marks of the Lord Jesus, and to remember his promise, that “his name shall be in their foreheads” ?

THE HENNA.—This is a plant with which the women dye the fingers and toes, thinking it a decoration very pretty and becoming. I cannot say I agree with them. The plant has a very pretty white flower which has a sweet perfume. The leaf resembles that of the fuchsia. These leaves are pounded into a paste, and then a portion is laid on each nail and on different parts of the hands and feet. After the paste is removed, the parts first turn yellow and then red. It wears or washes off very gradually, so that it requires to be renewed about once in ten days.

PAUN.—All the natives, male and female, here have a habit of chewing paun. It is composed of the betel-nut, chopped up very small, mixed with lime and then rolled up in a leaf. It is made up into a small roll, just large enough to go into the mouth. It is very pungent and

somewhat stimulating in its properties. This decays the teeth, eventually turning them quite black. And it is very disgusting, for it fills the mouth and covers the teeth, while they are chewing it, with a fluid resembling blood; and they expectorate with it about as offensively as a tobacco chewer. The first one I saw using this I was frightened, thinking the woman was spitting blood.

FOOD.—“The people of India,” says Allen, “eat little meat compared with those of the United States. The Brahmins and Jainos religiously abstain from meat of every kind. They will not eat even eggs, saying there is a germ of life in them. Some classes will eat no meat but fish. Hindoos of all classes abstain from eating beef; but the great body of them will eat fish, fowls, goats, and sheep. They use these kinds of food sparingly.”

DRINK AND STIMULANTS.—“Water is the common drink, at meals and other times. Tobacco is chewed and smoked (mostly smoked); but the quality of the Indian plant is not as strong as the American tobacco. All classes chew an aromatic leaf called *betel*, with *arica-nut*, lime,

and spices mixed together. The use of spirituous liquors is prohibited to Brahmins, and is disreputable among all higher classes. Some people, generally of the lower classes, use arrack, and other kinds of intoxicating liquor ; and some smoke and in various ways use the intoxicating and stupefying vegetable called ganga, or Indian hemp (*Cannabis sativa*). Opium is eaten and smoked, and a liquor made from it is drunk. Drunkenness is most common in places which have grown up under the patronage and protection of the English government, and where the European population is the largest." See Allen's *India*, p. 488.

TRADITION.—One of the missionaries of Southern India was telling me, to-day, of some curious traditions of the people he has been among nearly thirty years. He states : The Mohammedans say that, for the next few years, there are to be great troubles all over the world—wars, earthquakes, &c., &c. ; but after these are over, their tenth and greatest Iman is to appear. Then all the wicked are to be cut off, and he is to reign in righteousness over all the earth. The Hindoos also state that there has been a

recent incarnation of Vishnu ; that he is now a child, somewhere in Cashmere ; that he is to be thoroughly educated, and, as soon as he arrives at man's estate, he will proceed to Delhi, where he will be placed on the throne of his ancestors. Immense treasures are still hidden there, which he, by his divine wisdom, will soon discover. Before this, however, there will be dreadful plagues, famines, and wars ; and the strangest sights will be seen, both in earth and heaven. Kings and queens will come from all parts of the earth to bring presents to him and to worship him, and those who do not he will destroy ; all those who are very wicked will die, but the good will live and be very happy while his reign shall last, which will be many thousands of years, so they think.

TALIPOT TREE.—In the Botanical Garden, at Madras, there is a very singular tree, a species of palm, called the talipot tree. It grows to a great height, and has an immense leaf on each branch, sometimes from twenty to thirty feet wide. The tree blooms once in ninety years. Dr. Winslow, who was in India over forty years, never but once saw one in bloom. The flower

is an enormous cone, fifteen feet high and eight feet in circumference, composed of an almost infinite number of small flowers. When the cone first appears it is covered with a pod, or cuticle; this remains on it till the buds are all ready to open; the sheath or pod then bursts open with a report like thunder. The flower remains in bloom only a few days, then both it and the tree that bore it die.

IRRIGATION IN MADRAS.—The way of raising water here is as follows: At one end of a tank they place a strong, tall, upright post, about twenty-five feet high. This is split just at the top and a cross-piece inserted, the centre resting in the split. This beam is about as long as the other is high. At one end of it a leather bucket is attached by a long rope. One man stands ready to empty the water from this bucket into a trough by the side of the tank, by which it is carried all over the field or garden; and one or two men are continually walking up and down on the cross-beam, thus raising or lowering the bucket. It is a most ancient way, but looked to me very tedious and dangerous, for the beam was not very broad, and the



men had to keep a perfect balance or they would have fallen off and been hurt severely. It seemed much like rope-dancing. I suppose this was the ancient way of "watering with the foot."

PUNKAHS.—There is one thing that strikes every foreigner on his first arrival as very curious, in the houses of all the English inhabitants and in the churches; and that is the punkah, or the large fan which cools all that sit in the same room at once. The punkah is suspended from the ceiling by cords about six feet in length. It is generally made of a coarse kind of cloth, stretched over a frame of wood, and then whitewashed. It will vary in length from eight to fifteen feet, according to the size of the room; and is usually from three to four feet deep. A line is fastened to the centre of this, which passes over a pulley and out through a hole in the wall; and a servant sits in the outer room or veranda and pulls the line backwards and forwards. This keeps a constant current of air in circulation and mitigates the intense heat. On this account the ceilings are all very lofty, being from eighteen to twenty feet high. In a

church there will be from twenty to thirty of these punkahs going at a time. Of course, it destroys all the architectural beauty of the building; and at first, till the preacher becomes accustomed to it, it is a great source of annoyance. Another method of cooling the rooms, says Dr. Allen, "is to hang curtains of bamboo and other materials before doors and windows; and these being kept constantly wet, the air passing through them is cooled. Another plan is to place a ventilator, constructed somewhat like a winnowing machine, in some central part of the house, and, by working it, and hanging wet curtains over the doors, the air is kept moist and cool. Some such means for cooling the atmosphere are as necessary for people, in health and in sickness, in India, as fires in stoves and furnaces are for comfort in the United States in the winter season."—Allen's *India*, p. 5.

KHURD-KHAN.—In the parts of India where the hot winds prevail, blowing periodically in one direction, they have another mode of cooling the atmosphere, and that is by using what are called *Khusa Kuss Tathes*. The khuss-khuss is a species of grass that grows in the

jungles. The roots of this grass are very long and the fibres thick and strong. They weave these together into a thickness of several inches, and then put the mat into frames that just fit the doors or windows, and it is the duty of one of the servants, the beshtie, or water carrier, to keep this constantly wet; the rapid evaporation keeps the air of the room down to a moderate temperature. When it is fresh, the khuss-khuss has a most agreeable odor.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

### CALCUTTA, AND THE CLIMATE OF INDIA.

**A**FTER remaining two or three weeks in Madras, I proceeded to Calcutta, which was to be the scene of my future mission labors. My principal design in this book is not to tell you of our mission work, but to give you, if possible, a correct idea of the habits and customs of the people themselves among whom we have labored. You will thus see how grateful we ought to be to God, who has given us his holy book, whose entrance giveth life, and how much need there is that we take it to those “who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.” The Hoogly is one of the mouths of the sacred river Ganges, and Calcutta is situated on it, about one hundred and twenty miles above where it empties into the Bay of Bengal. The Ganges, as you know, is the sacred river of the Hindoos. It has many mouths by which it empties into the bay, but



Talks about India.



An ox cart of India.

the Hoogly is considered the most sacred ; and just where it joins its waters to those of the sea, there is a large island called Sanger Island, and this is an especially sacred spot. The Hindoos hold a festival here once a year, in the month of January, and thousands and tens of thousands come to attend it. They come down the river for hundreds of miles in their boats, and here they worship their god Gunga, the god of the river. In former days it was here that mothers used to throw their babes to be devoured by the sharks and alligators. The British government has tried to stop this, and soldiers and policemen are appointed to attend this festival and prevent these murders. Doubtless many are still thrown in secretly.

The scenery of the river is tame, but the foliage is very beautiful and luxuriant, with rough rude huts scattered here and there amidst the dense jungle. As soon as you drop anchor, your vessel is surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, each eager to gain the few pence which will be given to convey you to shore. The steamers now anchor down a little below Garden Reach, about three miles from the city

proper, but you will find plenty of polky gharries in waiting to convey you to any part of the city. You drive along a road, by the side of the river, past Fort William, which is considered a very strong fortification and capable of holding several thousand troops. This fort is situated at the centre of the Maiden, which is a large plain a mile and a half in length. At one end is the Government House, the High Court and Treasury Office, at the other the Cathedral. On one side is the river, on the other a handsome street filled with English dwellings.

There are a number of roads through this Maiden, shaded by fine trees. You might call this place really the lungs of Calcutta, and here the whole city (all but the poor native women) turn out to breathe in the evening. The most fashionable part of the drive is along the bank of the river. There you will see carriage after carriage rolling along, with their native drivers and native footmen in cool and most picturesque costumes or liveries—the viceroy's carriage and four with his outriders, ladies and gentlemen on horseback or driving, native gentlemen (but never native ladies) of every rank and



every hue, from the prince or rajah, or the rich merchant, covered with gold and jewels, down to the most ordinary and common-looking Orientals in vehicles corresponding to their riders' appearance. All the life of Calcutta is here at this hour. Near the Government House is a music stand, and just at sundown a band plays for an hour; as it grows dark the carriages congregate here, and then Calcutta goes home to dine and the jackals come out to howl, and certainly you never heard sounds like these; it is just the music you could imagine of a pack of fiends. These jackals, however, with the adjutants and the vultures, are the scavengers of the city.

Those houses of the English people you see on the other side of the Maiden are large, generally square houses, two or three stories high, with front verandas close shut in with venetian blinds. They each stand in the middle of a little garden or compound, as it is called, with a high wall all round it, the ugliness of the wall generally, however, redeemed by being covered by some beautifully flowering creeper. Here the English residents live in great luxury,

everything being done to make life easy in this debilitating climate.

THE BORE.—Last evening, as I was returning home, I passed over a small stream, a branch of the Hoogly, which runs down one side of the city. I heard a great noise and saw a crowd of people collected on the bridge and on the banks looking down on the stream, and soon I perceived that the waters were rolling in one great wave up the stream. On asking what this was, I was told that it was the Bore—a great tidal wave which appears each month at a certain time of the moon. It seems to be a tremendous wave of the sea, which rolls up the Ganges and its branches for hundreds of miles; but only one wave; it is never followed by a second. No one can account for it, but it frequently does a great deal of mischief, even at this distance from the sea—one hundred and twenty miles—in dragging ships from their moorings and in swamping all small boats that have not been well secured. The wave last night they said must have been full ten feet high. It was most singular in its appearance, looking like a great moving wall of water. I

could not but think that very much like this must have appeared the walls of water to the Israelites in the Red Sea. They tell me that this same phenomenon occurs in the Irrawaddy, the Orinoco, and the Yang-tse-kiang.

HEAT.—This is the month of May, and the heat is something terrible, the thermometer standing often at 110° in the shade. And the way you perspire here—well, it is something “pro-di-gious!” as Dominie Sampson would say. You may put on a clean white dress, and in two hours it is not fit to be seen; all the stiffening gone, and the waist at any rate perfectly dabbled. The big drops of water stand out and roll down you, and you are just in the condition of the panes of glass in a window on a densely foggy day. Certainly I should think this human machine of ours requires good food to keep up the steam.

One of the minor evils with which one is afflicted here—and yet for the time it does not seem a very little one—is the terrible *prickly heat* with which almost every one is troubled at the commencement of the rainy season that has just set in now. There is scarcely one

person—old or young, rich or poor—but what is troubled to a greater or less degree with it. It comes out in a thick rash, with intense itching, and if you try to relieve that by scratching, you produce small boils or sores instead. So you see there is plenty here to grumble about, for people who are so disposed. At this season of the year (the month of June), the commencement of the rains, it does not seem hardly like rain, but as if the heavens opened and let down an immense sheet of water; and it is marvellous what an amount will come down in a few minutes.

RAINS.—There is no use in grumbling about the weather. It is towards the end of August, in the rain, and oh, the weather really is something to be dreaded. The constant showers, with the intense heat of the sun after them, always cause a great deal of sickness among all classes of the people. There is scarcely a house where there are not some ailing. There is no air stirring; everything you touch is “a damp (without the cold), moist, unpleasant body,” including yourself—to use Mons. Mantalini’s expressive words—and everything becomes

mildewed and smells mouldy. It is no wonder that there is so much sickness.

A country nearly two thousand miles in extent from north to south, and of various degrees of elevation, from the plains on the sea-coasts to the loftiest mountains on the globe, must have a great variety of climate. Over half of India lies within the tropics, and hence the climate is generally hot; in some portions, very hot. "In the northern provinces, snow and ice are frequent in the winter months;" but the heat of the sun is more intense throughout India than on the same latitude in the United States. Foreigners from Europe and America cannot safely attempt many kinds of labor and exertion which would be quite harmless in their own land. In the hot districts, such labor and exposure soon bring on prostration, disease, and possibly death. The mean temperature in January at Calcutta is  $67^{\circ}$ ; at Madras,  $77^{\circ}$ ; at Bombay,  $78^{\circ}$ . In May the mean at these places is  $83^{\circ}$ ,  $87^{\circ}$ , and  $85^{\circ}$  respectively, and it frequently reaches  $100^{\circ}$  to  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade, or an average of about fifteen degrees hotter than in Boston or New York in

the month of July. The climate of India is considerably affected by the winds called monsoons, which blow about half the year from the southwest and the other half from the northeast. The first monsoon begins early in June, bringing with it from the Indian Ocean floods of rain. This rainy season continues until near the end of September, and the total rainfall amounts to from fifty to sixty inches. The other monsoon begins about the middle of October, and brings rain from the Bay of Bengal, along the Coromandel coast, until into December; but during this period the opposite coast has fair weather and northerly breezes. The dry, hot season lasts from December until May or June.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

### A ZENANA, HOUSES, DRESS, DOMESTIC CUSTOMS.

**A** ZENANA.—Literally the word means woman's apartment, but the word now is generally used to designate the houses of the high-caste gentlemen, where they keep their wives shut up or entirely secluded. These are built just like two large hollow squares, one immediately behind the other, each having a large open court in the centre, the court open to the sky; and it is from this that most of the rooms receive their light and air. The building is generally from three to four stories high, with a veranda facing on the court running round each story, the stairs or staircases opening into these verandas, and the doors and windows of the different rooms all opening into them. Indeed, in the woman's part of the building—the zenana proper—all the doors and windows open into the verandas, and the rooms receive their only light and air from the

open court in the centre ; they have no windows that open into gardens or streets, though in the men's apartments they have. In the men's part of the building, one end of the veranda is raised a few steps higher than the rest, and at the time of any Poojah (festival to the gods), marriage, or any other feast, this part of the veranda is called the god's house. Here the figure of the god is placed, and here all ceremonies are performed, while the audience always remains in the court below. The audience is always composed of men, for the women may not even mingle with the men, with the exception of the dancing girls, who are always bad characters. This god's house is always placed at the end of the men's building, where it joins the women's, and in the upper part of the wall there are several windows or openings ; but instead of being filled with glass, they are filled with a close lattice-work of bamboo or cane, like our cane-seated chairs ; and the only part the women may ever take in any festivities is the looking down through this screen upon what the men are doing, and preparing the sweetmeats for the feast. In the gentlemen's part



of the building they have many large and lofty rooms, several of them furnished with a large amount of elegant European furniture, pictures, mirrors, &c. Other rooms, which they more generally occupy, have the floor covered with either matting or carpet, and on that a large, very thick mattress, from six to twelve or fifteen feet square, covered with a clean white sheet, and innumerable bolsters and pillows of all sizes and shapes, with a large punkah suspended over it; and here their lordships sit or loll about at their ease, reading, smoking, gambling, &c. They have very fine libraries of English books. The women's apartments are in great contrast to this. Each woman has her own room—a small, dark, miserable apartment, with a cold brick floor, bare of either matting or carpet; a wooden pallet, more like a low table, with a piece of matting in most cases laid on it instead of a mattress; a little wooden box for her clothes, and a brass drinking-vessel. This completes the number of her luxuries. This is the magnificent manner in which the wives of the rich Babas, or native gentlemen, live. Polygamy exists but very little amongst

them, but they live in the patriarchal style—all the sons for four or five generations bringing their wives home to the father's house. Thus there will be a very large community, but all of one family, living in one house, and all bound to obey the commands of the head of the house, and his wife as the female head. When the patriarch dies, his oldest son takes the command. The staircases up and down to these verandas are always of brick, and generally in a very dilapidated condition. In fact, many of the houses, even of the wealthiest, seem to be literally dropping to pieces; they never think of making any repairs, except what are absolutely necessary. To do a thing because it would look tidy, or clean, or neat, never seems to occur to them. Most of their houses are merely large square buildings, without any architectural adornments, either within or without.

**HUTS OF THE POOR.**—Intermingling everywhere with the large houses of the wealthy, you will find the villages, as they are called, of the poor; a village standing on about as much ground as one house of a wealthy native,

and probably occupying adjoining squares. Each village consists of a number of most miserable huts, huddled together without any appearance of order, the spaces between the huts filled in with cows, goats, buffaloes, pariah dogs, chickens, and naked children; and the odors! well, the less said about them the better. The ground on which these huts are built is generally separated from the main street by a deep ditch or open drain, five or six feet wide, which has a plank thrown across it here and there to serve for a bridge. In the day the odors, and at night, when they are all cooking, the smoke, make it anything but agreeable to live near any of these villages.

DRESS.—The dress of the natives is very picturesque. The native dress of a Bengali Baba is, I think, beautiful. He wears a *dhoti*; this is a piece of white muslin, with a narrow colored border put on width-ways. From the waist to the ankles it is wound once or twice round the body, and then one end is brought from the waist behind, passed between the legs and tucked in at the waist in front; this draws the muslin up, forming a sort of pantaloons.

Over this is worn a short white muslin jacket or shirt, coming a little below the waist, and then thrown carelessly over the shoulder is a strip of fine, thin, Decca muslin (called a chuddah), which floats in the slightest breeze, and looks cool and pretty. His bare feet are thrust into a pair of Oriental slippers turned up at the toes, and his head covered with a fine turban of white muslin. Those who have become partially Anglicized wear white pantaloons, and a frock-coat of white shirting muslin, and stockings and patent-leather boots or shoes, and keep the white turban and the white chuddah, in the cold season exchanging this for black cloth pantaloons and frock-coat, and a handsome Indian shawl. The very low caste, or coolie men, wear nothing at any time but a filthy strip of cloth around the loins.

The women of all classes wear what is called a *sarree*, a straight piece of cloth from five to six yards in length, just wound round the body and then passing up over the head and shoulders. This is of finer or coarser material, according to the circumstances of the wearer. It is of all colors, but that most generally worn is

of white, with a narrow border, of about an inch in width, of some bright color. They never wear under-garments, nor shoes or stockings, but a variety of ornaments. It is very seldom that the costlier jewels are worn even by those that possess them, but imitation ones, and all classes wear a variety of bracelets or bangles made of different-colored glass. The Mohammeden women up the country dress differently.

THE TOILET.—As you pass along the streets, in any or all parts of the city, English or native, you will see the native men performing their toilets, without heeding, in the slightest, the gaze of the passers-by. One standing near the river, or a tank, or a hydrant, with a large jar of water, holding it high above his head, pouring it down over his person, wearing nothing but a strip of cloth around his loins. This he will afterwards exchange for a dry strip, and as he passes along the street, he will hold the wet one in his hands like a flag, to dry. The next person you meet may be performing another part of the toilet, namely, rubbing himself over, neck, back, face, shoulders, with mustard oil. A third may be sitting on the

ground, cleaning his teeth. This is done by first chewing the twig of a tree, till the fibres separate, and then scrubbing the teeth well with it. Another, again, is sitting under the barber's hands. He not only shaves off the beard, and the hair of his head, but with a pair of tweezers he will pull out every hair that might grow in the nose, ears, &c. There are very few sidewalks, and all this is done in the midst of carriage and foot passengers.

BHISTIE.—The duty of several of the servants here strikes you as very singular. Here is the *bhistie*, or water-carrier. His duty is to bring all the water that is needed for the use of the family, whether for cooking, bathing, cleaning, or for the use of the horses. He often has to bring it from quite a long distance, from the different tanks that have been constructed for this purpose in different parts of the city. But the thing in which he carries the water is the most singular. It is called a *mussork*, and must certainly be the ancient bottle of Scripture. It is made of the skin of a young buffalo, not fully grown. The legs are fastened to straps, which pass over the *bhistie's* shoulders, thus



A Bhistie, or Water Carrier. p. 62.



A Katamaran. p. 17.





holding the mussork firm on his back. The water is poured in and out through the neck; and, though the body is only sewed up, it does not leak. They are very expert in watering the streets with this, squirting it out with the skill and regularity of machines. You can imagine, however, how the process of fermentation going on in one of these old bottles would cause it to burst, just in the way which our Saviour says.

SHOES.—One day, on going into the house, I was surprised to see a number of pairs of shoes, sandals, and clogs on the front steps. The clogs were of wood—just a thick sole with a large knob of wood, like a big nail, at the top; this is passed between the big toe and the second, and is thus carried along. I should think it would greatly impede, instead of helping, the progress. Others of the shoes seemed to be of woven straw; and others, again, of leather. The Mohammedans wear the leather, and the Hindoos the other kind. It looked funny to see all these shoes, and I inquired why they were there. I found it was pay-day. The lady of the house was paying her servants, and, as

it is disrespectful for an inferior to come into a superior's presence with his shoes on, they had to leave them at the door. Their customs seem strange at first. It is disrespectful to have covered feet or an uncovered head—just the reverse to our own rules.

TIPPOO SAHIB'S DESCENDANTS.—I have been introduced to Prince Golam and his son—the son and grandson of Tippoo Sahib. The elder one is as ugly and villainous an old man as I ever saw. Both he and his son had strongly marked Jewish countenances. He would have passed well in the Bowery for Mr. Moses Abraham. They were, for some time, held as prisoners, but are now permitted to go about as they please; only, always with a British officer attending them, who keeps a sort of surveillance over them. The old man asked to be introduced to me, spoke in very good English, asking a great many questions about America; said he had been to England many times; that he liked that climate better than this; with a great deal more to the same purpose. He and his son were dressed alike. They had on patent-leather boots, very loose pantaloons, made of a very

thin material, like blue muslin. Over this, a garment, made like a gentleman's dressing gown, which came below the knees and was buttoned all the way down. This was made of satin, worked with gold thread. Over this he had a sort of cloak, made of cashmere, the shawl pattern; it came below the knees, was cut straight and gathered into a band at the neck. But the caps must have been of immense value. They were small skull-caps, made of purple velvet, with a border round the head, about two inches wide, set with emeralds and diamonds. A large emerald in the centre, about the size of a three-cent piece, formed the centre of a star, the points of which were formed of diamonds; these were set in a row all round the band, forming stars about the size of a quarter-dollar piece, and then, at each edge of the band, there was a row of alternate emeralds and diamonds to finish the border. On his fingers the old man had two rings, each formed of a magnificent solitaire diamond, almost as large as a five-cent piece. I have found that the natives do not care about the cutting of a stone, so it only covers a large surface.

KHANSARMER AND COOK.—I witnessed a most amusing scene, one day, between the cook and *khansarmer*, in the house where I was boarding. You are obliged to have a great many servants in India. It will there take eight or ten to do the work that one would do here, as their caste forbids each one to do more than one certain kind of work. Thus, a sweeper could on no account bring water; neither might a *bhistie*, or water-carrier, touch a broom. These things are very troublesome, requiring you to have so many about you; but then their wages are small, and they do not eat your food, but provide their own; so that, if you reckon the board and wages of one servant, the actual cost of ten there is hardly more than of one here. Well, the cook, of course, is the one who prepares the food. The *khansarmer* is the table servant—the one who waits, who sees that all things are right, and who goes to the bazaar each day to purchase the food for the family. These men who attend to the table and the cooking are always Mohammedans, as it would break the caste of a Hindoo if he should touch our food. Even if he should touch one of the

dishes on which our food had been, after it had been washed perfectly clean, it would break his caste; consequently, we are always obliged to have Mohammedans, and these men are always great rogues and cheats. The last few days our *burra ma'am* (lady at the head of the house) has been watching the khansarmer pretty closely, and made him bring the marketing to her, so that she might see that he did not charge her for twelve eggs when he only brought eight, &c., &c. Of course, this has cut down some of his usual depredations, and he is quite cross. The morning of which I speak he did not bring his marketing to show her, and she forgot it. Presently we heard a great row, outside, between the cook and the khansarmer. At length the cook rushed in, carrying a chicken in his hand (they are always bought alive there), which he showed the *burra ma'am* as one which the khansarmer had brought him to cook for our dinner, and he pretended to be very indignant about it. The poor bird was ill with a disease they call here chicken's small-pox, and which is as infectious among fowls as the same disease is among human bipeds. It was really

very ill, and had lost one eye by the disease; and this was what we were to have had for our dinner. We wondered very much that the cook should have shown this, as the servants, generally, help one another to cheat, instead of exposing their tricks. We found out the cause, however, afterward. The khansarmer has been in the habit of giving the cook, each day, about three cents, as his share of the cheating process; but recently he had not been able to cheat quite as much, and so had cut down the cook's share, which he would not stand, and consequently the row in the kitchen.

DHABI.—All over India, I believe, the clothes are washed by men; and they have a very curious way of doing it. They carry the clothes away from your house in large bundles on their own backs, or tied up in two bundles and thrown over the back of a cow, like panniers. Then they take them to a tank or pond of water, and in that they place a broad, flat stone, in shape like the washboards we use here. They stand this slanting in the water, part in and part out; then, dipping the garment to be washed in the water, they beat it on the stone, again and again,

to cleanse it, and then the hot sun bleaches it. You would hardly believe how clean and white they become. But if you should have happened to have any buttons on your clothes, you need never expect to see them again. This process is, as you may imagine, very good for trade, as the washing wears them out more than the wearing; and the climate being so hot, you are obliged to have them washed very frequently. There is one comfort, however: they do it marvellously cheap. You can afford to change as often as you like. A *dhabi*, or washerman, will do all the washing for one person, by the month, as many pieces as you like to wear, at three rupees (a dollar and a half) a month.

TIFFIN.—We were invited to take *tiffin* (or lunch) in one of the native houses or zenanas yesterday, and though I dreaded it, yet I felt that we had to go, or it would give offence. The ladies, of course, could not eat with us, as it would break their caste to eat anything we had touched, or even to eat anything off a dish that we had once touched; so, as I found afterwards, if they even brought us anything on an earthen platter, they had to break it after we

were gone, but if it had been placed on a brass plate, that they could purify so as to be able to use it again. Well, now to our feast! There was an English lady and myself. They placed in front of us two large wooden stools, on each of which were three earthen plates of different sizes. One stool, with what was on it, was for each of us, and the contents of the plates for each were exactly similar. On one of the three plates was a fish about the size of a herring—this appeared to have been fried in *ghee* (melted butter, which is often kept till it is quite rancid), some strange vegetables cut in bits (I do not know what they were), and about six large round pancakes, all cold. They never, or rarely ever, eat anything hot. On another plate were different kinds of sweetmeats, as they call them, mostly prepared with sugar and meat, and some of them were fried in *ghee*, and swimming in it. Then on the third plate there were a number of different kinds of fruit, enough in all for a dozen people, and we were expected to eat it all. We could not get off without at least tasting everything. When they found that we could not possibly eat all, they insisted upon



our taking it home; but we compromised the matter by taking home the fruit and asking them to give the rest to two of our native Christian teachers who were present, as they would not mind eating things that had been on the plates that we had touched. The zenana ladies seemed perfectly surprised at this, and more so when our teachers asked them to give them the earthen plates instead of breaking them, as by washing they could make them perfectly clean. Poor women, they thought that they would be perfectly defiled to eat from anything we had touched! You remember how our Saviour teaches that it is not that which we eat or drink that defiles us, but those evil things that proceed from the heart; it is those which defile.

SNAKES.—In a house where I called to-day, an ayah was walking round the compound (enclosed garden) with a little English child, under some very high trees, when suddenly two small snakes fell at her feet. They were entwined together, but were dying, whether from the fall or that they had been fighting could not be told. They were a very deadly kind, though small;

their touch even, they say, is poisonous. To such dangers are we constantly exposed in this land.

SERVANTS.—There is a very strange custom here amongst the English people. When they invite you out, if it is only to dinner, you are expected to take your own servant with you. If you do not, you are likely to fare very scantily; and if you stay all night he stays with you and sleeps on the mat outside your door, and then he is in readiness to do anything for you you may wish. You must always, however, in such a case pay him a little extra each day to buy his food. This seems a very singular custom, but your servants never expect to wait upon your guests. It is not the habit, they say, and you have a great deal of trouble with them if you make them do it. All who travel out to India should understand this. If they are guests at a place, if it is only for a day, they should immediately get one of the servants of the house to provide them a servant (this can always be done at a minute's notice), for if they do not do this for themselves, the mistress of the house has to do it,

and then, of course, she has to pay the extra servant.

THE TUCKOO MAH.—I saw a most singular performance the other day in a house where I was teaching. A number of the ladies were sitting round me, and I was giving them a Bible lesson, when a very old woman, whom I had never seen before, came in and sat down. Immediately three of those I had been teaching went and knelt in front of her, put their two hands together, and with their foreheads touched the ground. Upon inquiry afterwards about this I was told that she was the “Tuckoo Mah,” that is, the mother of the house. She rules the female portion of the household: there is no appeal from her word. The husband cannot save his wife from anything the Tuckoo Mah may order. She is treated with most profound respect by all the women, and her daughters-in-law, when they see her for the first time each day, pay to her the obeisance I have just described. It is when those whom we are now teaching the religion of Jesus come to fill this position that we shall hope to see a marvellous change in India.

SICKNESS.—In visiting a house the other day I found one of the women quite sick. I asked if she had had a physician. “Yes,” was the answer, “one educated at the Medical College.” On asking if the doctor might see his female patient—“Oh, no!” she replied; “a curtain is suspended in front of the bed, and through a hole she puts out her hand for him to feel her pulse, and through a slit she puts out her tongue. The doctor asks questions of a female servant, which she repeats to her mistress, and the answers are delivered in the same way.” But even this having a physician at all is a great step, as two or three years ago they would not allow one to attend female patients.

CRUEL CUSTOMS.—“The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.” One day in visiting one of my zenanas I was told that one of the women had a dear little baby boy, just two days old. I asked if I might see her, and receiving an affirmative answer, was about to go to her room, when one of the women said, “Not there, she is not in her room; follow me—I will take you to her.” I followed the old woman down stairs, and there, pointing across the open court, shar-

ing the cow-shed with the cow—which she was to continue to do for the next three weeks—I found the mother with her babe. The woman came to the door of her shed to show me her little boy, just two days old. Poor little thing, it was very light colored, but the face, arms, hands, and chest were very red, as if it had had a bad blister. I asked what was the matter. The mother answered, “Nothing is the matter. It is our custom, when the child is a day or two old, to light a large stick of wood and hold the baby over it, so that the head, arms, chest, &c., get very much scorched.” “But,” I exclaimed, in intense pity, “does not the little one cry very much?” The reply was, “Yes; but then, you know, it hardens them and makes them strong.” Is it any wonder that so many babies die here? They must, indeed, be tough little things that can live through all this.

MOORGHEES.—I made a most ludicrous mistake the other day. You know the people here all believe in the transmigration of souls; that when a person dies he is judged according to his works, and after a time he is born again into this world; if he has been good, he comes

back in a better position than he was before ; if he has been bad, he comes back in a worse position, or as one of the lower animals. Now I do not know why, but they think chickens are down, down very low indeed. Well, my *dhabi*, or washerman, has been giving me a great deal of trouble lately. Instead of bringing my clothes back every week, he has kept them two or three, and in one instance four weeks ; and considering the number of clothes you have to wear here on account of the weather, this is exceedingly annoying ; but he is always ready with excuses : one week his mother was dead, another time his brother was dead, another time his child—all falsehoods ; I found he had not lost one. At last I got so cross with him that I went to tell him he need not make that excuse to me any more, for I was sure by this time all his friends must be dead. I meant to say the word *moorghier* (dead), and instead of that I said the word *moorghees* (chickens). Fancy the consternation of the poor man at my telling him that I was sure all these dear friends whom he was so sorely lamenting had become chickens ! His wrath knew no bounds. He thought

I had heaped upon him the sorest abuse, and I was just as much amazed at his anger, for I had not the least idea what I had said to occasion it. But at length a lady who was standing by, convulsed with laughter, explained it to us both and set matters straight. Yet I believe the *dhabi* bore me a grudge for a long time, thinking I intended it.

A BOYS' SCHOOL.—I have described to you a zenana. In the men's part of the building, at one end above the court, the veranda is used as a god's house, at the time of any Poojah, or festival. In one house that I visited to-day, I saw that a better use was being made of it: it is turned into a temple of learning. As we entered the narrow passage leading to the court, we saw lying round a great many pairs of shoes, and our ears were saluted by a tremendous din of human voices; for the teacher thinks that no scholar is studying unless he hears his voice, and the poor little youngster that keeps quiet is very apt to get a rap over the head from the master's cane, for inattention. When we entered, we saw a schoolmaster, a Brahmin, seated in the god's house, while squatted around him,

and down in the court below, were a number of dirty urchins, who were commencing to climb the steep hill to the temple of knowledge. Many of the wealthy Baboos now will pay a Brahmin priest to come for two or three hours a day, and their servants, children, or any of the poor around may come to be taught gratis. Each boy brings an ink-horn, with a wooden style, and some cocoa-nut leaves, instead of paper, to write on, and a small piece of matting rolled up under his arm, on which to sit. This, with an old ragged book, is his school equipment, for very little is taught here except to write and read. I saw one little fellow come in, and as soon as he had made his salaam (act of recognition or obeisance) to his teacher, he placed his old book and his ink-horn on the ground, and then prostrated himself before them, with his forehead touching the ground. I asked what he was doing, and they told me he was paying poojah to his book—that is, he was asking the book to be so kind as to let his lessons be easy. I thought of the words “they offer incense to their own net and worship their drag.” When the boys go out, you may



depend there is a great time, each one finding his own shoes; those who go out first running off with or misplacing those belonging to the others, and each one screaming, yelling, and shouting at the top of his lungs. It is far worse than it is with us, where each boy is looking for his own hat. I find that to-morrow is a festival to the goddess of wisdom, and then there can be no school, as no one must touch a book or a pen, or anything that relates to learning, on that day.

CHOLERA.—The lady who was to take charge of the European asylum arrived some weeks ago from England; then the lady who had charge of the Scottish orphanage (of native children under the care of the Scotch kirk) came to me and told me she was very ill and the doctor had ordered her away for a change. So she asked me if, while she was gone, I would not stay at the orphanage and superintend matters there, as it would not interfere with my zenana work. I am here, entirely surrounded by native children, but several of them have been very ill, and diseases are so sudden and fatal in their effects in this country that I

feel more timid than I did at having such a charge, especially as the native children are so different from English children. When anything is the matter with them, it is hard to make them tell you, or explain it to you. I went one day to my little school and to some zenanas, and came in about two o'clock. My old washman was then apparently perfectly well. About four o'clock one of the other servants came to me and told me that the old man seemed quite ill. It appeared to me that he had symptoms of cholera. I gave him some medicine (he was a Mohammedan, and so could take what I gave him), and afterwards some brandy. Then I did not know what to do. I thought he had cholera, but he had no pain. I begged him to go to the hospital, as no doctor will come to the house to see the poor natives; they insist upon their being sent to the hospital. But he would not go there. It seems if they go to the hospital and die there, their own people or caste will not perform any funeral rites for them; in fact, they often have to be buried before their own friends even know that they are dead, so they have a great horror of

going there. I feared that his was one of the worst forms of cholera, painless cholera, as it is called, and it proved so. Two of the other servants staid up all night with him, but could do little for him. Very early in the morning, I called out of my window to see how he was. They said better; he had asked for some sago. I hurried to dress, to go down to see him, but in a few moments one of the servants came to say that he was dying. I flung my dressing-gown round me and went down, but he was already gone; poor old man, yesterday so well, to-day in eternity. Surely in this land we may well say, "In the midst of life we are in death." I had to send for some Mussulmans to come and bury him, and had to pay them ten rupees for taking him away. He had a wife and children somewhere up the country, so the other servants said, though they did not know where. He had no money, nor other effects of any kind.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

### SHOPPING AND SERVANTS.

SHOPPING.—I had a few little purchases to make for summer wear, and, as I was told that there was a native bazaar where they kept every kind of English goods, and sold them at a far cheaper rate than at the English shops, I concluded to go there first and see for myself; particularly as it would afford considerable amusement. To reach China bazaar, the place to which we were bound, we had to pass through another bazaar, where they sold all sorts of things for the use of the natives. Each little shop is more like a stall, or rather like an open veranda, and the goods are all displayed on a succession of steps in this veranda; and here the shopkeeper sits in the midst of his goods, his little stall being about ten or twelve feet square. In one stall you will find all sorts of native confectionery—to our taste “horrible,” but the natives are very fond of them. They are

mostly composed of sugar, spices, and the curd of milk. In another stall you will see oranges, figs, limes, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. In a third, all sorts of pots and pans, such as the natives use. Another, perhaps, will be a jeweller. At another they will sell wood; this is sold by weight. At another stall they will have vegetables; and so on, *ad infinitum*. This will be on either side of several long streets. There are no sidewalks, but horses and carriages, men, women, and children, and dogs jostle each other at every step. The people never seem to trouble themselves the least to get out of the way of the horses. They appear to swarm here like ants; and to think that not one of them knew anything of a better, a higher, and a holier life, seemed terrible. We passed on, however, to China bazaar. Here the shops are more like our own, with the goods all kept stowed away in the back part. But oh, what a scene we beheld! and, in fact, in which we had to be a part; for, from the very moment that you turn into one end of the bazaar till you leave, you are surrounded by the merchants, who rush from their shops to extol their wares,

to decry their neighbors, and, if possible, seize a purchaser and drag her into their shops. Talk of bedlam! you never saw anything like this; scolding, vociferating, and abusing each other in Bengali and Hindoostani; then, in broken English, each one trying to attract the lady's attention: "What you want, Ma'am Sahib? You my old customer." (It is the first time the lady has ever been there, but no matter.) "This your old shop. I got plenty nice things." Then another pulls open the *ghaine* door on the other side: "Ma'am Sahib, don't you hear him. He only a broker. He no shop his own. I got best goods. Only look, ma'am. Come see!" At length, to escape the dreadful din, you take refuge in one shop, while the disappointed merchants will crowd round the doorway, waiting for your reappearance. Then you have to sit down and commence to bargain, for you will be asked twenty-five rupees [a rupee is about 46 cents] for what the merchant will eventually take six. It will be in this way: you want a piece of longcloth; you see some you like, and you know the proper sum should be about ten rupees for the piece; you ask the price. Mer-

chant replies, quite boldly: "Thirty rupees, Ma'am Sahib."

The lady says, "Nonsense, Baboo. I am in a hurry. I will give you ten rupees."

*Merchant* (whispering)—"Ma'am Sahib, you want to know the asking price or the taking price?"

*Lady*—"Why, of course I want to know the taking price."

*Merchant*—"Well, now, Ma'am Sahib, proper taking price twenty-five rupees."

*Lady*—"Now, Baboo, look here: I have no time to waste. I will give you ten rupees; not one *pice* (about a cent) more."

*Merchant*—"Oh, Ma'am Sahib, that not my cost price—now, twenty rupees, no less."

*Lady* (rising)—"Very well, Baboo; I must go. I will not give more than ten."

*Merchant* (with clasped hands, imploringly)—"No, no; sit down, Ma'am Sahib. You my old customer; I have no good luck, you go out of my shop without buying anything." Then in a confidential whisper, "I let you have it for fifteen rupees; but don't tell other ladies."

The lady persists in her first offer, and finally,

after a little more higgling, she has it at her own price. Now, this is amusing the first time you witness it; but it has to be gone through with every article you buy, and every day, and when you feel that you are wasting so much time it becomes very annoying and bad for you if you should be ignorant of the real value of any article you may desire, for then you are sure to be cheated.

CABUL TRADERS.—At the cold season of the year, you meet a number of men about the streets with walnuts, dates, figs, and grapes for sale. The grapes are put up in small boxes, like our round salt-boxes, with one or two layers of cotton; and each grape (white) picked from the stem and laid by itself on the cotton; sometimes there will not be more than twenty good grapes, but they charge a rupee a box for them. The men, however, are very strange and peculiar, and I never see them but I think of the Gibeonites who came to deceive Joshua. They wear Turkish trowsers, a loose, full dress, which reaches to the knee, with very large, full sleeves, all made of a very coarse cotton cloth, which was white when it was first put on.



Around the waist they have a loose girdle of the same, with long ends, and round the head several yards of the same cloth, not made into a turban, but twisted into rolls, and then wound round the head loosely; but between the rolls will be seen long, straggling, bushy hair. Their beards and whiskers are long and unkempt, looking as if they might be thoroughly stocked with inhabitants. Their garments, they say, are generally new when they start from home, but are never taken off, night or day, or washed from the time they leave home till they get back. So you may imagine what they look like. I should think, from appearances, that the men never wash their faces or comb their hair in all that time either. Their shoes are worn and clouted. Yet they are a very large, athletic race, and certainly would be fine looking if they were only clean. They come down from Cabul every cold season, bringing their fruit for sale a long distance, over fifteen hundred miles. Formerly they used to come all the way on their camels, but now they leave their camels up at Delhi or Allahabad, and come the rest of the way by the railroad.

CHEATING.—In this country you must be constantly on the watch against petty depredations. The natives seem too cowardly to commit any great theft, but small articles you must watch. You might leave your watch or a twenty rupee piece about with perfect safety, but a few *pice* (a *pice* is a copper coin of a little less value than a cent), or a pocket-handkerchief, or a pair of stockings, or any such thing, if left about, would soon “find legs and walk off.” I often think, with these natives, of that doggerel in Mother Goose about the Welsh :

“Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of beef;  
I went to Taffy’s house, Taffy was not at home,  
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone,” &c.

It is in small peculations that they are so expert. If a servant buys anything for you he always considers that he must have his *distoor* or custom. The fair allowance is considered one *anna* out of each rupee (there are sixteen annas in a rupee). Thus, for instance, if a khansamer goes to market he pays for you for a piece of meat three rupees, and the butcher gives him three annas. Of course this comes out of your

pocket, for the butcher, knowing he has to pay this, charges him so much more for the meat. The cook buys the wood or charcoal for the fire; he gets his distoor, or commission, on that. The *bearer* buys the oil; he gets his commission on that, and so with everything. This has come now to be such an understood thing that very seldom masters or mistresses make a complaint about it, as long as they only take what is considered lawful; but it is very seldom that you find one honest enough to content himself with this. Perhaps you will say, "Why do not people make their own purchases themselves?" You are then worse off still; for the natives are all in league, and they will make you pay far more than your servants charged you. You can't help yourself. This is one of the things wherein you have to try "to possess your souls in patience." But there are some other things you must be constantly on the watch for, or you would lose everything. The former lady superintendent of the European orphanage here had to leave suddenly, and so the ladies came to me and urged that I would come and live here just to look after

things a little till another lady could come out from England. This institution is only for the orphan daughters of the British soldiers, so I am here for a little while. Well, the bearer here (by degrees you find out all the different servants, and what they do; the bearer trims lamps, pulls the punkah, dusts the rooms) is a very good natured man, but a great rogue. The *durmon* is the gatekeeper round the large houses or establishments here; there are high walls with iron gates; these walls enclose the house, the gardens, the stables, the servants' little houses, &c., &c., and it is called the compound. Well, it is the *durmon's* business always to sit at the gate, for his little house is there, and see every body who goes in or out, and to watch that no servant steals or carries anything away. It is a very responsible position, and is often occupied by Brahmins, as the other servants always will obey a Brahmin; our *durmon* is a Brahmin. To-day the *durmon* caught the bearer carrying off a quart bottle of oil, under his dress. He seized him just as he got outside the gate, and a policeman, who was standing near, helped him to bring the culprit

to me. The poor fellow acknowledged taking the oil, but he made a most ingenious defence. He said that each day he was allowed to take for himself all the oil out of the lamps that had not been consumed the previous night, therefore he declared he was not stealing. The matron, who had to look after the housekeeping (I had nothing to do with that), had never discovered this wholesale pilfering. The policeman said of course he must take him to prison, as he was caught in the act. He quite frightened me by flinging himself flat on the ground and seizing tight hold of my feet, supplicating me to plead for him. It was with great difficulty I could get my feet away from his grasp; but though I felt very sorry for him, I could do nothing, as the policeman saw him caught. He was put in prison for three months. All the servants would feel very sorry for him. It was no shame to do the deed; to be caught was the only shame. Indeed, it is no easy work I find to keep house in this country. In the large cities you very seldom buy or keep on hand a store of anything, for you have no good store-room, and the insects are so troublesome,

especially the little red ants, that, with the exception of a few things, such as sugar, coffee, tea, and rice, everything is bought each day for the day's consumption. When it is brought home from the bazaar the housekeeper must see every thing to observe that the khansamer does not charge her for things he did not bring. When the baker comes she must count the loaves; she must count every pat of butter; she must have the cow brought to the door to be milked, and give the man her own empty measure to have it milked into, or he would bring too small a measure, and with water in it; then she must sit by herself, or have one of the family do so, to see that he does not put water in while he is milking. Then, if a horse is kept, you must not only measure out his food, but see him eat it, else some of it will be stolen; and when the horse is shod you must have that done before you, or they will pretend to put a new shoe on the horse and never do it. In fact, there is no end to the constant vigilance a housekeeper has to keep up, unless she is rich enough to afford to be continually robbed, and would rather lose a good deal than take all this

trouble. This does make it very hard for missionaries, for generally the best servants are the most accomplished rogues, and consequently they do not like to live with those whose means are small, and who are obliged to keep a strict watch of their things. With government officials, where they are constantly giving large dinner parties, the khansamers generally become quite rich. A lady friend of mine, whose husband is pretty high in office, told me that they had to give dinner parties on an average once a week. She says: "We have a splendid khansamer; he knows how to get up the most beautiful little dinner parties; every thing will be perfect—the arrangement of flowers, &c. I have only to tell him how many I expect to have, and I know everything will be done just as I like, without my needing to give myself the least trouble." (Her health is very poor, so that it is only by the greatest care she can live in India.) "But, oh, his cheats are most dreadful!" she said. "What do you think he had the impudence to tell me the other day?" she continued. "I had been scolding him for cheating me so, and I said to him, 'Now look here,

khansamer, what I will do if you will promise me that you will not take more than your proper *distoor*, one anna in each rupee you spend for me : I will just exactly double the salary I at present give you, for I hate to feel I am being cheated so.' ” The khansamer came to her, with hands put up together and his body bent in most submissive attitude, and replied, “Ma'am Sahib! indeed, Ma'am Sahib! I can't do it. Why, I make more than that *out of one* of your dinners.” “Think of the man's impudence to tell me this!” “Well,” said I, laughingly, “at any rate, he was honest there; but what did you do? Surely you did not keep him!” “Yes, I did,” she replied. “What could I do? You know how wretched my health is—that the least thing throws me on my bed, and each time the doctor threatens to send me to England, and, oh, I would rather do anything than leave my husband. He is obliged, by his official position, to have these dinner parties. I am not present at half of them, but he must have them. And when I told him what the khansamer had said, and that we must send him away, he only laughed and said, ‘No, my dear,



he does his work well; you are thoroughly satisfied with that. If you were to get another he would probably cheat you just as much, without your having the same comfort. You might be constantly troubled, and your health is worth more to me than all he steals.' So, you see, he is here still."

I tell you this to show you the pleasures of housekeeping in India.

NICE JELLY.—If you want to be able to eat anything here, you had better keep clear of the cook-room. That is always out some little distance away from the house. It is impossible for any European here, even of the very lowest position, to do their own cooking; the heat of the fire, with the heat of the weather, would quickly kill them; and you really cannot superintend it, as you would faint in a very few minutes in the cook-house. All you can do is to give directions; and it is really wonderful what good dishes they will make, with the simple cooking utensils they have. If we were set down in a kitchen with the few implements they have, and told to prepare a dinner, we should say it was impossible. They have no

table, or chair, or stool. The cook sits on his heels, and spreads a clean piece of matting on the floor for a table. We do not now generally have to teach the cooks, or in fact any of the servants, much. By their religion, every man must be of the same calling as his father (and all the servants, except the nurses, are men): even if a man should have ten sons, if he is a cook, they must all be cooks; thus as each boy is old enough, the father teaches him his trade or profession, and when the English first came here they taught the servants how to do things as they liked them. The servants prefer, too, if they can, to have places in English families, as they get better paid. Though they can make things generally to taste pretty well, yet I should advise all, new comers especially, to "eat what is set before them and ask no questions," not, as St. Paul said, "for conscience sake," but for their appetite's sake. A friend of mine was telling me a little story yesterday. He said that a young officer, a friend of his, who had not been long in this country, was up the country living in a tent, in a little out-of-the-way place. He had a *kitmutgher* (table

servant) who could speak tolerable English—a necessity to him, as he did not yet know the language. The young officer had been quite sick for several days with low fever, and could eat nothing; one day he thought he would like a little jelly. He had the materials for making it, so he called the kitmutgher and told him to make him some, and began to tell him how to do it. “Oh, I know, sahib” (sahib is a title of respect equivalent to sir), “I know.” “Very well,” said the gentleman, “make me some, and then come to me for a piece of flannel to strain it.” The gentleman forgot all about his jelly till in the evening; then he thought he should like some. He called the servant, and said, “Did you make my jelly?” “Yes, sahib, I go bring him.” The gentleman took it and tasted it. He said, “It tastes pretty good, but it does not look nice; it ought to look quite clear; this looks so muddy.” Then, recollecting himself, he said, “I told you to come to me for a piece of flannel to strain it; jelly can’t be clear and good unless it is strained; why did you not come to me for the flannel?” “Oh, sahib, I strained it; for true, sahib, I strained it, sure.”

“But it should have been flannel; I told you to come to me for that.” “But, sahib, I did strain it, indeed I did.” “Well, come, I insist upon knowing what you strained it through.” Still he was tasting and tasting of the jelly. At length, very reluctantly, the servant answered, “Well, sahib, I strained it through one of your stockings.” The gentleman let the glass of jelly fall from his hands, and started up in a rage. “Why, you rascal, you!” he exclaimed. The poor frightened servant fell on his knees, and joining his hands together in a most supplicating attitude, cried, “Oh, sahib, sahib, don’t be angry, sahib; it wasn’t a clean one!” You can imagine whether the rest of that jelly was enjoyed!

\*CRUEL TRICK.—It is an absolute necessity for every European here to have some sort of conveyance to go about in the street. In the first place, no one but natives are expected to walk, and the streets are not made for them to do so. In the next place, the heat of the sun is so intense that no one would dare to walk even a few blocks in it, for fear of sunstroke. A conveyance is therefore as necessary as to have a

roof over your head. But one great comfort is that it is not very expensive to keep one. I have a little palky gharrie, such as I have described, and such as all the ladies use here for zenana work, and the food of my horse, coachman's wages, shoeing, &c., or the whole cost, is but about twenty-five rupees (not twelve and a half dollars) a month. Please remember whenever we speak of servants' wages, that we do not feed them; they provide their own food out of their wages, so that the cost of servants here is very little. Well, to-day my old coachman wanted a holiday, but did not just know how to get it, for a native never can do anything in a straightforward way; instead of coming to me and asking right out if I would spare him a few hours, he thought that the surest way was to do something to the horse to make him unfit to be used. So he came and told me that the horse had a very sore place on one of his feet, and ought not to be used. And as the horse could not be used, would I give him a holiday? He thought I would tell him to bring the horse for me to look at. I did not do this, as he expected, but told him I would go out to the

stable to see the horse, and ordered him to wait and go with me. Directly he began supplicating and beseeching me not to go; that the sun would hurt me, that the stables were dirty, &c. His entreaties were so earnest for me not to go that it immediately led me to suspect that something must be wrong. So I would not let him go on before me, but made him go right with me to the stable. I soon found his reason for not wishing me to go there. He had tied a rope very tightly round one of the poor animal's hoofs, and then tied that fast to a post, and the horse in his efforts to get loose had rubbed the skin off where the rope was tied, and of course had a very sore spot. The man had supposed that, instead of my going out to the stable, I would order the horse to be brought to me; then he could show me the sore, and tell me the horse had kicked himself. When I saw what he had done, you may depend I was quite angry, and turned indignantly to the man. He did not attempt to make any excuse; he could not, he saw he was caught; but he prostrated himself on the ground, humbly beseech-

ing my pardon. I, however, ordered him to bring the poor animal round in front of the window where I was sitting, and caused him to make a little wood fire there on the ground, and keep heating some water to bathe the sore leg, and this I made him do all day long; and each time he took fresh water, he had to bring it to me to feel that it was not too hot. So the old man did not make much that time by his cruel and deceitful act, and I told him that the next time anything was the matter with the horse I should instantly dismiss him. This will make him very careful, as they have a great dread of losing a good place.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

### MARRIAGES AND WEDDINGS.

**M**ARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—In a former little book (Kardoo) I gave a description of a wedding ceremony. This is only slightly varied, according to the caste or different parts of the country where the parties reside. Marriage in itself is looked upon in India as an absolute necessity; and a man who is not married is believed really to be breaking a divine ordinance. It is supposed that when a Hindoo dies the spirit unseen walks about the house until some of the male members of the family perform certain funeral rites; and the soul can never be perfectly happy unless those rites are performed by a son. Hence their intense desire for male children, and the permission given by the shasters that if a man have no children, or only daughters, he may marry a second, or even a third, wife. And a stepson may perform the



funeral rites for his stepmother, and they will be equally valid.

There is no fixed age at which a man must be married ; but, if he be a Brahmin, he must not be married under twelve years of age. The marriages of the girls, however, take place, generally, between the ages of five and ten. The parties themselves have nothing to say in the matter. It is all an arrangement made for them by the heads of their respective families. Thus, when a girl has reached her fifth or sixth year, her father engages a barber—one belonging to his own caste, and who is, therefore, well acquainted with all the different families of that caste—and he tells him to look out and find a young man of suitable position for his daughter. When this is done, the old people of each house meet together to arrange matters, sending the barber and barberess to examine the proposed bride and groom, so as to see if they have any personal defect or blemish, &c. If both parties are satisfied, they enter into a written agreement, respecting everything connected with the marriage. The family priests draw up this agreement ; and an astrologer is called to con-

sult the stars, that a propitious day may be appointed for the ceremony. There is no need of any preparations for housekeeping, as the little bride is always carried home to her mother-in-law's house, and a room there is prepared for the newly-married pair. Indeed, a newly-married wife there is only just fit to go to infant school, instead of into housekeeping. As the bridegroom leaves his mother's house to be married, his mother—or, if she be dead, his aunt—comes to him and says: "My son, where are you going?" He replies: "To bring you a female servant, mother." And such is, indeed, the fate to which they are brought. Should the husband die, even a few days after the marriage, she is condemned to perpetual widowhood—a state of continual suffering and misery. "A Brahmin once, in conversation with Mr. Allen, not long since, said he thought this practice a very good one, and necessary to the objects of matrimony, and particularly to the comfort and safety of the husband. Were it allowed, he said, for a woman to marry a second time, it would be impossible to tell what excesses of evil she might commit, when she became dis-

satisfied with her present lot. She is his cook, but not his companion at the table, and would find it an easy matter to administer poison, quit his house, forsake her children, and involve the family in distress. But while perpetual widowhood, accompanied by disgrace and misery worse than death itself, is held out as the only prospect of a wife, she is made to feel that the comfort and preservation of her husband is more precious to her than her life." Widows of the higher castes only, however, are prohibited from again marrying. We hear some people talk, in a Christian land, of the dignity of human nature; this is human nature untaught by the gospel. The Shastras allow widows to marry, if they please, among nearly nine-tenths of the people. The ceremony of the second marriage is more simple and less expensive than that of the first marriage.

COURTSHIP.—I saw a very amusing scene the other day, but I was obliged to bear my part in it with becoming gravity: I was acting in a new rôle, that of matchmaker. The orphan girls are kept here till they marry, which usually takes place when a girl is fifteen or sixteen.

A girl of that age is as old here as one with us is at nineteen or twenty. The way in which the marriages are brought about is this : Christian native men come here, with letters of recommendation from their clergymen, asking to be allowed to choose a wife. We have now only three girls here of the right age. Two of them most indignantly refuse to be married, and refuse to see any men who may come. Well, the day I mention, a very nice-looking young man came, with excellent testimonials as to Christian character. The two girls said they would not see him ; the third said she would. I had to take her and perform a sort of introduction. They neither of them spoke to the other. After looking at her for a few minutes, he said he would like to have her ; he said this to me, not to her. I then asked her if she would like to have him ; she said "Yes," and so the matter was concluded. I then told the man that I would leave them to talk to each other a little while ; but, before five minutes were over, he sent to me to say he was ready to go. They will be married in about two months. I told him he might come and see her on Saturday

afternoons, if he liked. He hardly thought it would be necessary to see her more than once before the marriage took place. Then, after wishing me good morning, without speaking to or looking at the bride-elect, he walked off. Enthusiastic love-making, that!

BRIDAL PROCESSION.—One evening, on coming home from church, we met a bridegroom being escorted to the bride's house. There was a crowd, carrying flaming torches and red and blue lights, and making a great noise with drums, trumpets, &c. In the midst the bridegroom was seated, in a chair of state with a canopy over it; the whole covered most gaudily with tinsel. This was borne on eight men's shoulders. Sometimes he rides on a horse; or, up country, on an elephant. His dress and hat appeared to be of red satin, worked with gold thread. They moved along very slowly, making a hideous din. The torches were carried in a way to throw as much light as possible on his person, so he might be well seen. I found out some other things about their marriage customs.

A WEDDING.—I attended a wedding last night where the ceremonies were far more ridiculous

than at the one already described. It seems that the different castes conduct their religious ceremonies somewhat alike, and yet with more or less superstition. You never know at what hour the bridegroom may arrive; it depends upon what hour the astrologer or family priest may tell his father is most propitious, and this must not be known to any one but the father, or, in case of his absence, to the one who is at the time acting as father to the groom. In no case must those at the bride's house know at what time he will come; all they do know is that it will be after dark. At the other wedding I attended, the bridegroom had arrived before I got there. Now at this we waited some time before he made his appearance; it must have been nearly ten o'clock; and here again I was struck, as I am so constantly, with the antiquity of their customs. How they illustrate Scripture! While I was talking to the ladies, suddenly I heard the loud blast of a trumpet, followed by drums, fifes, &c., then a great blaze of light, which, even though we were in the zenana, came to us by the open court in the centre. Then we heard a loud shout outside;

this was taken up by all within the house, even by the women that were with us. What they said was, "Look! look! the bridegroom cometh! he comes!" I could only think of the day when the Great Bridegroom shall come, with the sound of the trumpet, and the light and the sound shall pierce then even into the gloomy prison-house of the grave. May we be prepared to meet him!

ANOTHER WEDDING.—Each time I go to one of their weddings here, I observe something that did not strike me before, and see many things that are illustrative of what we read in Scripture. Yesterday I was at the wedding of another of my little pupils, and I find that among many of the wealthy people it is the custom at a wedding, or any other festival, for everybody that is known to the family or their servants to be invited, but a distinction is made in the different parts of the house where they are entertained, according to the different rank of the guest, or the degree of intimacy existing between him and the family. For instance, a guest on his entrance remains in the inner court, that which is in the centre of the build-

ing, until some member of the family approaches him and tells him where to go. The seat of honor is in the upper veranda, just opposite the god's house, where most of the ceremonies take place, and all the rooms on that floor are appropriated to the Brahmins, and to the most intimate friends of the family and the most distinguished guests. The lower rooms and verandas are for the guests of the second quality, and the court itself for the servants and any of the menial class from outside. An English lady went with me to attend this wedding, and a young baboo of the family came forward at the entrance of the court, as soon as he knew of our arrival, and most courteously conducted us up stairs to the seat of honor in the veranda. A moment afterwards one of the elder gentlemen of the household was speaking to me, when he suddenly interrupted himself, saying, most politely, "Pardon me an instant, madam." He then called a servant, and pointing down into the court. said, "There is Baboo Gepal; go and call him up here directly." Then, as he turned round, he caught sight of a man standing near us. He looked at him most



sternly from head to foot, and then said, very angrily, "What are you doing here, fellow? your place is down there." The man slunk away most sheepishly, amidst the laughter of those around. I thought of our Saviour's words, "When thou art bidden of any *man* to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee." (Luke, 14 : 8, 9, 10.)

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

### ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

**T**HE elephant, wild or tame, has been found in all parts of India. The wild ones frequent the forests and jungles of Malabar and Assam. The native princes formerly kept a number of the largest and best trained of elephants, and on great state occasions caused them to be richly caparisoned, and rode upon them. Elephants were also considered very useful in war. In the army of one prince, Porus, who opposed Alexander the Great when the latter invaded India, there were two hundred war elephants. The Rajah of Lahore opposed the invader Mahmoud of Ghuzni with three hundred and fifty war elephants; while the latter is said to have brought into the field fifteen hundred fighting elephants, and to have been the possessor of about five thousand of these wonderful animals.

The largest and fiercest tigers in the world

Talks about India.



The Serpent Charmer of India. chap. vii.



come from the thick jungles in lower Bengal, and near the mouths of the Ganges. These are known as the royal Bengal tigers. The hunting of these tigers was a favorite sport with native princes and Europeans, but it is a most dangerous species of amusement. More commonly the leopard is now the game sought by the lovers of hunting adventures; but as this animal is also very fierce and powerful, the hunter often has his anticipated sport turned suddenly into the greatest peril to limb and life.

THE ADJUTANT.—This is a most singular bird. It is of the stork tribe, and stands from four to five feet high when it holds its head erect, and, when flying with outstretched wings, will measure thirteen feet from tip to tip. It makes a great rustling noise as it passes through the air. The feet are placed so far back that, when standing, it is almost as upright as a man, and when stalking along with a slow, measured tread, it very much resembles a little old man with a swallow-tailed coat, with his hands under his coat tails. The breast is white, and the rest of the body, tail and

wings, are of a glossy black. The neck is long and destitute of feathers, with a long pouch hanging from it like a long outside crop, in which it can deposit its food, such as snakes, frogs, fish, bones, and then devour them at its leisure. Its bill is very large and strong, and from twelve to fourteen inches in length. It makes its appearance in Calcutta about the beginning of June, and is always welcomed, as its coming is a sure sign that the rains are not far distant, and as soon as the rains are over it takes its flight for parts unknown. Some few, however, have become domesticated in Calcutta, and remain there all the year round. They rest upon the tops of the highest buildings, and sometimes will stand so motionless for hours there on one leg, that you might suppose that they were pieces of sculpture. As they are very good scavengers, it is a crime, punishable by law, to injure them.

SCAVENGERS.—I find the principal scavengers of India are the adjutants, the vultures, the crows, and the jackals. The adjutants have been described. The vultures abound too. You will generally find them roosting in the neigh-

borhood of the meat market, the Burning Ghat (the place where the dead bodies are burnt), or by the side of the river Ganges, where people bring the sick and lay them down to die. Or you often see a group of these hideous birds apparently floating down the river. At first you cannot understand what they are resting upon, but at length you see what it is that they are fighting over. It is the dead body of a poor Hindoo; for, though the English government has made a law now forbidding any body or corpse to be thrown into the river, yet, as that river is many hundreds of miles in length, it is impossible to watch it the whole distance, and many of the people are so poor that they could not possibly find money to buy the wood for a funeral pile. So at night time, when no one is about, they carry their dead down to some lonely place on the stream, and, after singeing the face with a wisp of lighted straw (for they believe the soul will not be happy unless the body has been burnt in some way), they throw it into the river, and you can generally trace its course downwards by the vultures which are fighting over it. Then, another of

our race of scavengers is the crow. These little black creatures are almost innumerable. They are the most impudent little fellows imaginable—not the least bit afraid of you. They are everywhere—on the verandas, the house-tops, the trees—and their little black, bright eyes are ever on the watch. If you turn your back for a minute they will fly in at the open window and seize anything on the table. They swoop down quickly and take a cake out of a child's hand; and once, when I was standing under a portico talking to a gentleman—who was patting a favorite horse, and had a piece of bread in his hand to give him—he turned to look at me for a moment while speaking, and a crow came down, snatched the piece of bread out of his hand and made off with it. They are intolerably impudent, but they are of very great use, as they eat up all the garbage or refuse that really might breed disease, particularly in the native part of the town, for the natives are very uncleanly in their habits. What they do for the city in that way by day, the jackals do by night. These animals are very much like a fox—a sort of cross between



the fox and the wolf. They burrow under ground, and remain in their holes by day, coming out to seek their prey at night. They go in troops of from twenty to thirty. They feed upon small animals and carrion. They never will attack man unless they are mad; then their bite will produce hydrophobia, the same as that of a dog. If a little child, however, should be found by them, as is not uncommon, they will eat it. There they go, "making night hideous" with their yells. You could readily imagine the noise was produced by a pack of fiends. Their noise is awful. One begins with a low wail, another takes it up on a higher key, then another and another, till at last they come in with a full chorus of shrieks that—well, it cannot be described! Their screams must be heard to be appreciated.

THE VERMIN.—This is a very old house we are in. In a month or two it is going to be thoroughly repaired, for it is inhabited in every hole and corner. The vermin of all sorts and kinds that are in it are very remarkable. It does not seem as if I could possibly remain in it till it is repaired. First come the rats;

they get into every box and drawer, unless it fits perfectly tight. They come into every room, up stairs and down, and up upon every table. Snakes, centipedes and scorpions abound in the compound and lower veranda. Then there are lizards of all sorts and sizes, particularly those large, ugly ones called "blood-suckers," running about all over the house, but more particularly in the dining-room, to our great disgust. They and the rats together are undermining the house. The white ants are eating all the woodwork. The jackals have a burrow under the compound, and every night we have a serenade from them; and then, last and least, but by no means least in the discomfort they cause, the fleas—well, they are real pests! Last evening, while sitting reading, I thought how dreadfully tormenting the mosquitoes were, particularly to my feet (I had slippers on); when I went into my bed-room I picked off twenty-seven fleas. I had open-worked stockings on, so I suppose they came to me the more on that account. Skinning eels is nothing, they say, when you are used to it; perhaps some day I shall get used to this. Down

in the children's dormitory there is another species of little animal; they are—oh, no! “we never mention them” to ears polite!—but at night the walls seem almost black with them. It really is something dreadful. I suppose it is those that have brought so many lizards into the house to devour them. At any rate, I would rather have the lizards than those. But really, there are enough live animals in the house to carry us off bodily.

THE HINDOO'S PARROTS.—I was reading an account of a poor Hindoo who had two parrots, of which he was very fond. One day he was seen bathing in the Ganges and performing the same kind offices for his parrots, ducking them under again and again, very much, apparently, to their disgust. Upon being asked why he did so, he replied, “These birds have probably been men some time, and will be men again. Now, if bathing in the Ganges will be a merit to me, and wash away a part of my sins, why should it not be good for them and help them the next time they come on earth?” Oh, how I longed to teach that man of the living stream in which he might wash and be clean!

REPTILES AND INSECTS.—These classes of the inhabitants of India every stranger who arrives has to become acquainted with, for they will all call upon him more or less frequently ; and they force their company upon you and care not whether they intrude or not. The insects certainly are the pests of warm climates, but I suppose they have their uses. I have already killed two centipedes and a scorpion in my bed-room, and now, just as I sat down to write, I saw a third centipede making its way across the floor towards me. In this country they are terribly ugly-looking insects—more like small snakes. There ! that fellow is dispatched, and I have put him in a bottle of spirits to send home for a curiosity. He is twelve inches long, over an inch broad, and of a dark-mahogany color. The sting of both scorpion and centipede here is very unpleasant, the pain and smart lasting for days ; but it is not fatal. However, I do not want to make any closer acquaintance with them than I have done. While I am writing, an immense cockroach flies upon my book. This is of a reddish-brown color, from two to three inches long, and the most disgusting and

disrespectful of animals, for, as if in utter contempt of your opinion, they will fly in your face, and flap their broad wings against your nose in derision; they have not the slightest respect for your dignity. And just think how discouraging! you have been sitting biting your pen, hoping to be able to remember some incident, so that you may (as kind friends at home continually suggest to missionaries) interest people in mission work, and you are just priding yourself on getting hold of some brilliant practical idea, with which you are going to wind off in a well-turned period, when flop! comes one of these "little beasts," as the Frenchman called them, right in your eye! Down drops your pen directly, and up goes your hand to protect your face, for it generally gives you two or three buffets before it is routed. When it goes it generally leaves you a souvenir on everything it has touched to remind you of it, namely, a strong odor—well, it is not the attar of roses! but, alas! alas! it has carried off all your beautiful thoughts. For, only fancy the absurdity of sublime and beautiful thoughts and cock-

roaches together! So, good friends, when missionaries' ideas are not expressed with exquisite sublimity and pathos, attribute it to the cockroaches, not to want of talent on their part.

ANTS.—If Solomon had lived in this country he would not have needed to say, “go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise,” because one here has only to lie quietly still in his bed, or to lounge at his dinner-table, and the ants will come to him by scores, of all sorts and sizes, and he can study them at his leisure. They will soon make their presence and employments known to him, and they will be perceptible to more senses than one. Last night I was advised to put a little cocoa-nut oil on my head, as it would prevent my hair from falling out so much. But I shall never try that experiment again. I was awakened in the night with an intense itching in my head and all over my body, and all night long I was distressed with it. I thought I had prickly heat of the very worst kind. This morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, I found that there were swarms of the little red ants in my bed, and two or three regular

processions of them to my pillow. My head was full of them, and it was not until I had taken a thorough hot bath, and washed my head well, that I could get rid of them. I cannot understand this either, as the natives constantly use cocoa-nut oil on their heads, yet they say the ants do not trouble them.

WHITE ANTS.—I made acquaintance with another little insect the other day, in a manner that was not very agreeable. I had bought some white muslin to make me a dress, and it was cut out and partly made; but I had no time just then to finish it, so I put it away in a wooden box in my bath-room, and it was full two weeks before I could get it out again, just to finish off the little that wanted doing to it—putting on buttons; but when I opened the box, what a sight met my eyes! The dress which I had so recently purchased was riddled through and through with small holes—you would almost have thought it a piece of lace-work—and as I attempted to take it up, it literally dropped in pieces. I hardly knew at first which to do, to laugh at the ridiculousness of the thing or to cry at the disappointment,

for I really wanted the dress to put on ; at first I could not imagine what had done it, but upon calling a servant to look. he immediately exclaimed, "*White ants! white ants!*" and upon looking farther in the box, I discovered a number of almost transparent white worms or maggots (I should never have taken them for ants), and the bottom of the box was perforated through, like the dress. The box was on the brick floor of the bath-room, and I should never have dreamed of their getting to that, but it seems nothing is safe from them. Their principal abodes are under the earth, and they never come out of those places except as each one carries with him a small piece of mud in his mouth ; with this they build a small covered way before them, until they reach the place where they commit their depredations. Then, under this covered way, they pass to and fro, carrying what they have obtained to their homes. If they cross a floor or go up a wall they have this covered way, and it is often so small that it entirely escapes observation ; nothing but constant sweeping and dusting will keep them away, and no wooden box, unless it



is placed upon stones or on water, should be left in one place more than a day or two. The large pieces of furniture must be upon rollers, and the chairs constantly moved about, for the ants will come up between the bricks, where they are joined together under the bottom of a box, and in a few hours they will eat through the hardest wood and destroy everything in the box. Nothing escapes them—silk, linen, cotton, leather, books—everything they will attack but metal. How they find out where the things are is a marvel, for you never see one of them out on an exploring expedition, as you do the other species of ants. They must always go in the dark, and under cover of their galleries. Sometimes in one night they will build one of these galleries several yards in length, going all the way from the floor to the ceiling. If you break this gallery, you will find a great many of these little creatures hurrying backward and forward, some with mud in their mouths to lengthen the gallery, others with wood or cotton, or whatever substance they have been committing their depredations on, carrying it back to their nest; but the very

instant you break their gallery they are much frightened, for the moment they are exposed they are seized by the small red ants (which we also have here in millions, always roaming round in search of prey), who carry them off to their holes to devour them. The white ants have soft bodies, which the little red ants can easily get hold of, and they have no power to defend themselves. If the white ants succeed in making a gallery to one of the rafters of the ceiling undiscovered, they may eat one end of the beam entirely away, leaving nothing but a shell, as they will never work out to the light. Then in some unlucky moment that rafter may fall upon your head, without your having been in the least aware that it was at all unsound. This it is that necessitates the constant watching of the houses in India. An architect has to come every two or three years to examine every beam, to see if it is sound. Thus the rafters of all the ceilings, even in the most elegant houses, are all exposed to view, so that they may be always watched; for though this little insect is so small, it is one of our most destructive foes. We learn here

that "moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

MOSQUITOES.—The Brahmins think that it is a dreadful sin to take animal life. Even to kill the smallest insect accidentally is a great crime. It is very well for me that I am not a Brahmin—for, oh! what penances I should have to endure. I am very fond of animal food, but I like it well cooked and prepared, and though my propensities are carnivorous, they are by no means insectivorous. Yet I am often compelled to swallow animal food, and that not only uncooked but often alive! Sometimes, of an evening, the air is so full of mosquitoes that, if you draw a long breath, or gape, you will draw two or three in with the air that you inhale. They stick at the back of the throat, give you a fit of coughing, and you finally get rid of them by swallowing them—by no means pleasant! The multitudes of mosquitoes are almost beyond belief; they are in swarms like flies, especially at some seasons of the year. I find one can never sleep all the year round without a mosquito-net; and you must see that that is well tucked in under the mattress. Then, as

you get in you must lift it very carefully, or you will have hundreds accompany you, which will prevent any repose. You must watch carefully, too, that no little hole has been torn by your dhali (or washerwoman), for if there is one only as large as the top of your little finger, these expert little things will find their way through in crowds.

LIZARD'S EGGS.—Last evening one of the children (the orphans) brought to me a number of eggs, and asked me what bird's eggs they were. I told her I could not tell, and asked her where she had found them. They were about the size of a pigeon's egg, and were quite soft and warm. She said, "I was digging at the root of a tree, and found them in the ground." One of the other children took one in her hand, and, squeezing it slightly, gave a loud shriek, for a live creature came out. At first I thought it was a little snake, but upon examining it I saw it had legs. We found then that it was a young blood-sucker—a very large, ugly species of lizard—with a head of a deep brick-red color, the body a dingy black. It has a very long tail, and is said to destroy sheep

and goats by sucking their blood when they are asleep, particularly the young of those animals. I do not know whether this is true or not, but the natives believe it. There is another very much smaller species of lizard, that often lives inside our houses, and eats flies, ants, and similar insects. They are about as long as a man's little finger and of a brown color, with bright little beads of black eyes. There is one little fellow that pays me a visit every evening. I have quite got used to him, and rather like him. A few minutes after the lamp is lighted he makes his appearance on the wall near by (where he comes from I cannot tell), and there he stays, lying in wait for his prey—the numerous little insects that are always attracted by the light and many of whom settle on the wall. It really is quite amusing to see him catching them. This morning the gardener brought me a large blood-sucker. It has coarse hair or bristles standing up on the back part of its head and neck. It is about ten inches long, from its nose to the root of its tail, and then its tail is a good deal longer than its whole body. It is, indeed, an ugly animal.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

### · CHURUCK POOJA, OR HOOK-SWINGING.

TWO days ago was the festival of the *Churuck Pooja*, or Hook-swinging. The government has put a stop to this being done now in the public streets of Calcutta, but they cannot prevent its being done on persons' own premises, if they choose so to torture themselves. From very early this morning we were annoyed by an incessant clamor of drums, trumpets, gongs and bells, from a native village at the back of our house. It was Sunday, and coming back from church I found myself in a dense crowd, so that the *palkie* could not move on. Upon looking out to see what was the matter, I saw a man who had been going through the torture of the hook-swinging, and not content with that he was adding to his torture, and receiving the plaudits of the multitude. He was now being taken home by his friends, and they had passed ropes through the holes in his back, and were

drawing him through the streets by them. It was a sickening sight, and almost made me faint even to see it. It is the belief of the Hindoos that the only way really to obtain the favor of the gods is by self-inflicted sufferings. This is shown in all their religious ceremonies. A gentleman told me that he had seen a man offer a prayer to Siva, standing on his head.

The *Churuck* takes place about the fifteenth of March. It is in honor of the god Siva and his wife Kuli. About the first of the month a number of men come to the temple of the god, and proclaim that they are going to make *shun-nashees*, or victims, of themselves. From that time they are fed by the offerings which are brought to the temple, and then they continually bathe and oil their bodies, whilst they are thinking over and planning new forms and modes of torturing themselves. These *shun-nashees* are generally from the lowest castes, who do these things hoping to gain so much merit by them that the next time they return to this world it may be as a Brahmin. It is seldom that a Brahmin will inflict these tortures on himself, as he already considers himself very

holy, but he will do everything he possibly can to encourage others in self-torture. They are of those who lay heavy burdens upon men's shoulders, but will not touch them themselves with one of their fingers. On the day before the regular *Pooja*, some of these men begin the suffering by making holes and then passing bamboos through their arms, legs and tongues; then taking out the bamboo, they will pass a live snake through the tongue. Then they will go to the houses of some of the rich native gentlemen and dance, and they will give them a little money. A native gentleman thus describes this *Pooja* :

“In the morning all the *shun-nashees* go to bathe, and after rubbing themselves with coconut oil they assemble in front of the temple where the *Jhap* is to be performed. Here a sort of platform is erected on bamboos, or rather three platforms, one above the other; the highest one is generally from twenty-five to thirty feet high. The devotees who are to go through this performance climb up the bamboos, and stand on the different platforms, the spectators standing all round. At either side of the plat-



form are beds—one of fire, the others some sort of mattresses stuffed with leaves, dry grass, &c., and then knives and spikes placed upright in them; the devotees then jump down one after another upon them, and as they fall they scatter raw rice, bananas or flowers upon the crowd below, which is eagerly sought for and each scrap highly prized. This is all done amid the deafening shouts of the crowd and the sound of the trumpets. Sometimes these poor devotees are very much cut and injured, but always afterwards they are holy beggars, and it is a great act of merit to give to them. On the afternoon of that day the hook-swinging commences; before going to this, the devotees ask permission of the god, and he grants it by giving a nod, but this nod is only seen by the priests. They then put some flowers on the head of the idol, and if one falls down it is interpreted as the god's permission being given for them to begin. Sometimes, however, the flowers do not fall; then the priests say the god is angry—that one of the devotees must have broken the rule which commands them all to fast on that day—that one of them must

have eaten or drunk something, and therefore Siva will not accept them till they have been punished. The priests therefore take hold of the devotees, bind them, and then severely beat them in front of the idol. The air stirred by this beating will often cause a flower to fall. Then all is right; they will dance round the temple, clap their hands, embrace and shout. They then form a procession and march to the *Churuck Garch* (or swinging tree). This is a very long wooden pole set up perpendicularly, with one end deep in the ground, and another beam like the main yard of a ship on its top; this can be turned round either way. Then a man, one of these poor, besotted devotees, lies down on the ground, while another draws up the flesh under the shoulder blades, and then the blacksmith forces two iron hooks through the flesh; sometimes the hooks are more than ten inches long. Occasionally you will see one man with greater powers of endurance, who will have four hooks passed through different portions of his body, to show his greater love for the god; there are then strong cords fastened to the hooks, and the man is drawn up to

one end of the beam. To keep the balance, a man hangs to the rope which is attached to the other end of the beam. Thus hung, the victim turns round the 'swinging tree' from ten to fifteen minutes, then he is released, and another takes his place.

“Once, in my grandmother's village, a scene more terrible than even this occurred: a man swung round the pole nearly fifteen minutes, with his *head downwards* and four hooks in his flesh. His long hair was waving in the air, and his hands were beating a drum which was hung round his neck. It is true, he did not make very good music. As each victim comes down from the 'swinging tree,' he receives the blessing of the priest, who gives him a flower from the god's head as a holy relic. These men are generally coolies, who often return to their work in a few days, as soon as their wounds are healed. They do this hoping to please their gods, and so lay up a store of merits which will help them in the other world.”

Oh, Christian friends! should not these poor heathen teach us a lesson of diligent effort to please our God? During the time of these

tortures, they continue the hideous din of drums, trumpets, and tom-toms, to prevent the least sound of a moan or groan being heard, because it is considered that these sufferings will not be acceptable to their gods if they complain or murmur under them. The gods require that these things should be done voluntarily and cheerfully; that they must not think of the present sufferings, but look to the benefit or reward that they hope to obtain thereby.

There is one peculiarity which I have found to exist during the time the devotees are preparing for and enacting this *Pooja*. All the devotees seem joined together like a band of brothers. They exhibit an affection for each other that they would never dream of at any other time. If one of the band should die during the time, all put on mourning according to the Hindoo custom. An insult to one is felt by all; for do they not all, for the time, belong to Siva? They look upon the badge they wear round their necks as a sign of brotherhood. They will not eat together or drink together, because they are of different castes; but in all else, for the time being, they are brothers. The command

to Christians is, "Love as brethren," and "By this shall all *men* know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Another account of this festival is taken from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Duff, the venerated missionary of the Free Kirk of Scotland, as it was witnessed in the streets of Calcutta, not more than twenty-five years ago. He says: "This festival is held in honor of Siva and his consort, Kali." After describing the hook-swinging, as above, he says: "This is regarded as one of the holiest of acts, and the longer a man can endure the torture the greater the pleasure conveyed to the deity whom he serves, and consequently the brighter his prospect of future reward. Of these swinging posts there are hundreds and thousands simultaneously in operation in the province of Bengal. On one tree from five to ten or fifteen may be swung in the course of a day. They are always erected in the most conspicuous parts of the towns and villages, and are surrounded by vast crowds of noisy spectators. On the very streets of the native city of Calcutta many of these horrid swings are annually to be seen, and scores

around the suburbs." He adds: "At night numbers of the devotees sit down in the open air and pierce the skin of their foreheads, and in it, as a socket, place a small rod of iron, to which is kept suspended a lamp that is burning till the dawn of day, while the lamp-bearers rehearse the praises of their favorite deities. Before the temple, bundles of thorns and other fire-wood are accumulated, among which the devotees roll themselves uncovered. The materials are next raised into a pile and set on fire. Then the devotees briskly dance over the burning embers, and with their naked hands hurl them into the air and at each other. Some have their breasts, arms, and other parts stuck entirely full of pins about the thickness of small nails or packing needles. But it were needless to pursue the diversity of these self-inflicted tortures in all their details. There is one, however, of so singular a character that it must not be left unnoticed. Some of these deluded votaries enter into a vow. With one hand they cover their under lips with a layer of wet earth and mud; on this they deposit some small grain, usually of mustard seed. They then

stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews by night and the blazing sun by day. And their vow is, that from that fixed position they will not stir—will neither move nor turn, nor eat nor drink—till the seeds planted on the lips begin to germinate.\* This vegetable process usually takes place on the third or fourth day; after which, being released from their vow, they arise, as they imagine and believe, laden with a vast accession of holiness and supererogatory merit.”

Dr. Duff then describes the city of Calcutta, and a visit he once made to witness the *Pooja* again. I give you his own words: “To the south of Calcutta is a spacious, level plain, between two and three miles in extent, and a mile and a half in breadth. On the west it is washed by the sacred Ganges, on whose margin, about the middle of the plain, Fort William rears its battlements. Along the north is a magnificent range of buildings—the supreme court, the town hall, and, in the centre, the government house. Along the whole of the

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\* I have seen this even within the last three years.—H.G.B.

eastern side, at short intervals, is a succession of palace-like mansions, occupied as the abodes of the most opulent European residents. In front of this range, facing the west, and between it, therefore, and the plain, is the broadest and most airy street in Calcutta, well known under the name of Chowinghee. Chiefly to the north of the plain, and beyond the ranges of European offices and residences, lies the native city, stretching its intricate mass of narrow lanes and brick houses, and hive-like bamboo huts, over an extent of many miles, and teeming with over half a million of human beings. At a short distance from the southeast corner of the plain, across a narrow belt of low, suburban cottages, lies the celebrated temple of *Kali-Ghat*. The grand direct thoroughfare towards it, from the native city, is along Chowinghee road. Thither, before sunrise on the morning of the great day of the Churuck festival, we once hastened to witness the extraordinary spectacle.

“From all the lanes and alleys leading from the native city, multitudes were pouring into the Chowinghee road. The mere spectators could easily be distinguished from the special



devotees. The former were seen standing or walking along, with eager gaze, arrayed in their gayest holiday dress, exhibiting every combination and variety of the snow-white garb and tinsel glitter of Oriental costume. The latter came marching forward in small, isolated groups, each group averaging in number from half a dozen to twelve or fifteen. Most of the party had thin loose robes, and foreheads plentifully besprinkled with vermilion or rose-pink. Two or three of them decked in speckled or party-colored garments were uttering ludicrous, unmeaning sounds, and playing off all sorts of antic gestures. Two or three had garlands of flowers hanging about their necks or tied round their heads; these have their sides transpierced with iron rods, which project in front and meet at an angular point, to which is affixed a small vessel in the form of a shovel. Two or three, covered with ashes, carry in their hands iron rods of different lengths, small bamboo canes or hookah tubes, hard, twisted cords, or living snakes, whose fangs had been extracted. Two or three more are the bearers of musical instruments—horned trumpets, gongs, tinkling cymbals, and

large hoarse drums, surmounted by towering bunches of black and white ostrich feathers, which keep waving and nodding like the plumes of a hearse—all of them laboring hard, as the idea is that the louder the noise, the more discordant the notes, the better and more charming the music. On looking behind, one group was seen following another as far as the eye could reach; on looking before, one group was seen preceding another as far as the eye could reach, like wave after wave in interminable succession.

“ Besides these groups of worshippers, who are reckoned pre-eminent in holiness and merit, there are others that advance in processions, bearing various pageants, flags, banners, models of temples, images of gods and other mythological figures. Hundreds of these processions spread over the plain.

“ At the extremity of Chowinghee, the road towards the temple narrows considerably. The throng is now so dense that one is literally carried along. On approaching the precincts of the sacred shrine, it is found surrounded by a court and a high wall. After entering the principal

gate, which is on the western side, the temple is in full view. To the south of it is a spacious open hall or portico, elevated several steps above the ground and surrounded by a flight of steps, above which rise a range of pillars that support the roof. Between the portico and the temple is a narrow pathway, along which the stream of spectators was flowing; while the groups of devotees marched round the side farthest from the temple. Being of the number of the spectators, we mingled with the teeming throng that pressed on, with maddening frenzy, to get a glimpse of the idol. Here one or another would start aside, and knock their heads against the temple wall or brick pavement, muttering incantations, to command the attention and attract the favor of the goddess. It may here be noticed that a temple in India is not like a Christian church, a place for the disciples to assemble in and engage in reasonable worship; but it is designed merely as a receptacle for the senseless block of the idol, and a company of Brahmins as its guardian attendants. Hence, as there is not much occasion for light, there are few or no windows. The light of day is

admitted only by the front door when thrown open. Darkness is thus commingled with light in the idol cell, and tends to add to the mysteriousness of the scene. The multitudes all congregate without; but there is no preaching—no devotional exercises to raise the soul on the wings of heavenly contemplation; no instruction in the knowledge of the true God and the plan of salvation; no exhortations to the cultivation of virtue and piety; all is one unchanging round of sacrifice and ceremony, of cruelty and sport and lifeless form.

“Standing immediately opposite the temple gate, we saw on either side-station, as usual, a party of Brahmins to receive the proffered gifts. On one side lay a heap of flowers that had been consecrated by being carried within and presented to the goddess; on the other side, a large heap of money—copper and silver and gold—that had been contributed as free-will offerings. To the spectators, as they passed along, the Brahmins were presenting consecrated flowers, which were eagerly carried off as precious relics, and in exchange for them

the joyous votaries threw down what money they possessed.

“Passing now to the eastern side of the court, we soon saw what the groups of devotees were to be engaged in. Towards the wall there were stationed several blacksmiths with sharp instruments in their hands. Those of a particular group, that carried the rods, canes, and other implements, now came forward. One would stretch out his side, and getting it instantly pierced through, in would pass one of his rods or canes. Another would hold out his arm, and getting it perforated, in would pass one of his iron rods. A third would protrude his tongue, and getting it bored through, in would pass one of his cords or serpents. And thus all of a certain group would have themselves variously transpierced and perforated. When these had finished, another group was waiting in readiness to undergo the cruel operation; and then another and another, apparently without end.

“Several groups then, returning, mounted the steps of the portico in front of the temple, to prepare for their most solemn act of wor-

ship; but how impotent is human language to attempt to convey an impression of the scene that followed! Those of the different groups that carried in front the shovel-shaped vessels already referred to now ranged themselves around the interior of the colonnade. All the rest assembled themselves within this living circle (of course, only a few groups could do this at one time). On a sudden, at a given signal, commenced the bleating and the lowing and the struggling of animals slaughtered in sacrifice at the farthest end of the portico, and speedily the ground was made to swim with sacrificial blood. At the same moment the vessel-carriers, having placed burning coals in their vessels, threw now upon those burning coals in the vessels handfuls of Indian pitch, which ascended in columns of smoke and flame, the iron rods which held the vessels and were passed through the sides becoming almost red hot. The musical instruments sent forth their loud, jarring, and discordant sounds, and those who were transpierced began dancing in the most frantic manner, pulling backwards and forwards, through their wounded members, the

rods, the canes, the tubes, the cords, and the writhing serpents. All this was carried on simultaneously; and that, too, within a briefer period of time than has now been occupied in the feeble and inadequate attempt to describe it. Again and again would ascend from the thousands of applauding spectators loud shouts of ‘Victory to Kali! Victory to the Great Kali!’”

I have given this in full, that the reader may have an idea of what Hindoo worship really is. And yet these are the intellectual people to whom some Christians even say that there is no need to send the religion of Jesus! These millions are worshippers of Satan, and fast bound in his chains. And these things are not of the past. It is not permitted to make these public exhibitions of cruelty now in the city of Calcutta, as it might shock the sensitive feelings of thousands of professing Christians there; but it is still done in the towns and villages where English people do not live. Is it of no consequence that others suffer, if we do not witness the suffering? Oh, when will Christians see that it is their duty to conquer the world for Jesus?

## CHAPTER NINTH.

### RELIGION, HOLY MAN, AND FESTIVALS.

**H**ENRY MARTIN'S CHURCH.—The first Sunday I was in Calcutta, I attended service at the Old Church, as it is called. It is very singular in form, having been formerly a house, to which additions have been made as occasion required. It was, I believe, the first place in which divine worship to the only true God was publicly offered in Calcutta; and also where Henry Martin first preached. The building has never been consecrated, as it had been used many years before there was any bishop in India. When Bishop Heber was applied to to perform the ceremony, with a beautiful humility, becoming the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, he said: "No; it has been fully consecrated by Martin and the other devoted men who have followed him. Anything *I* can do after them cannot make it any more sacred."



It is a very sad sight to see here the drunken European sailors on Sundays, strolling about the bazaars, drinking, swearing, and fighting. These are far the most numerous specimens of "Christians" that the poor natives see. If we are to judge of a tree by its fruits, what must they think of Christianity? For these poor drunken fellows would be ready to knock any one down who should say they were not Christians.

REV. MR. WEITBRECK.—I find that I am occupying the room in which the sainted Weitbreck breathed his last. He was a missionary of the Church Mission Society. This was not his station; he was only here on a visit at the time of his death. It was reading his life, and his earnest call for more laborers among the heathen, that made my dear mother at length yield a reluctant consent to my giving myself to that work. But little did I then think that my feet would ever tread where his had been; or that I should live in that house from which his sanctified spirit took its departure to the "realms of light." Conversing about him to-day, I was told, by one who was present, that his last sermon, on Sunday evening, was, for

the most part, on the joys of heaven; and as he spoke, those who heard him fancied that his countenance, always lovely, assumed an almost angelic appearance, as he descanted rapturously on the bliss prepared by the love of God for his people. His appearance and sermon were long remembered. He was apparently quite well while preaching; about an hour after he was seized with painless cholera, and morning dawned on him in heaven. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"He set as sets the morning star,  
Which sinks not down behind the darkened west,  
Nor hides obscurely 'midst the tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven."

*Pollok, Course of Time.*

COOLIES IN BAZAAR.—I saw another Bible illustration to-day. If you go into the bazaars or market places, no matter at what hour of the day, you will see a number of coolies (day laborers) sitting or standing about, waiting to be hired. They are ready to carry burdens, run errands, in fact, do any kind of work that may be required of them; and their usual pay

is about four annas (equal to eleven cents) a day. Asking one of the men if he had had no work all day, he replied, in Scripture words: "No; for no man hath hired me."

MOHAMMEDAN IDEA OF SATAN'S FALL.—I have been teaching one of the servants for some time. He could speak a good deal of English, and seemed to comprehend more than he could speak, and was very anxious to learn to read English; so I have been teaching him, and he has progressed very nicely. To-day he was reading in Peep of Day. He always asks a great many questions, and I encourage him to do so, as I want him to understand thoroughly all he learns. We were reading about Adam and Eve, and Satan's desire to possess their souls. So he began to question me about Satan, and when I made him understand who that evil spirit is, he said, "Oh, yes, Ma'am Sahib, I know, I know Satan (I expect all in this country know him too intimately). Mussulman he tell me. May I tell you, Ma'am Sahib, what Mussulman say?" "Oh, yes; go on," I replied. "Well, Mussulman he say Satan one time he live in heaven, then he be best (*first*)

man there, be very happy there. Then one time God say Mohammed he shall be best man. Then Satan say, I won't serve you any more; if I can't be best (first or greatest) man I won't serve you. But God say to Satan, You must make salaam to Mohammed." This salaam is made from an inferior to a superior. "But Satan say, No, I will not make salaam to Mohammed. So, Ma'am Sahib, God he not want to make a fuss, but he think to himself, I make him do it. So God build a splendid house for Mohammed in heaven—it very grand big house—and then God say, All angels come see Mohammed. On one day he have big reception day. Now God make the door of the house very big, but the door that go into the room where Mohammed sit that quite small. God think Satan very big man, and when he come to this door he have to bow his head to go in." In making a salaam the inferior always bows his head. "But when Satan come to that door he see he have to bow his head to go in, and he say, No, I not do that. So what you think he do, Ma'am Sahib? He sit down on the ground and wriggle himself in. Then God very angry, so

he sent him out of heaven." Such, you see, are some of the absurd notions of the Mohammedans. How little they think of God as the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity! I told him that Satan had lived in heaven and been cast out from thence before the creation of the world, and that Mohammed had lived more than four thousand years after. But I passed quickly from that to tell him of the Saviour who came to save Adam and Eve, and all who want to believe in him of every nation, kindred, and clime. What my servant said to me of the Mussulman's ideas of Satan's rebellion struck me very forcibly. My own suppositions (I do not know whether any one else has the same or not) of the origin of Satan's rebellion are these: That at or previous to the creation of the world, the second person of the Trinity, Jesus, took upon him the form of a man, and that it was after that image, or likeness, that man was created; that then the Father presented him to the hosts of heaven, and said, "Let all the angels of God worship him;" and that then Satan, seeing one whom he thought, in appearance at least, inferior to

himself—for we must remember he was a great archangel—refused his homage to the Son of Man. His pride cast him out of heaven. Such is my thought.

WORKS, NOT FAITH.—I was talking to one of my zenana ladies one day, and she told me that she did not worship idols any longer, but that she only believed in and prayed to the one true God. I told her that to please God she must love him and obey him, and believe on his Son Jesus Christ, so that she might be received into heaven at last. “Yes,” she said, “yes, it is well for you, you can go about teaching poor people about God, and doing much good so you can gain heaven, but how can I?” There you see it is as ever with our poor human nature—works! works!—simple faith in Christ is too easy a doctrine; we must do something ourselves to merit heaven. I tried to explain to her that she could serve God just as acceptably where she was placed, if her heart was only right; it is not the kind of work that we do, but the willing obedience; that our works did not gain us heaven, but that Jesus had purchased heaven for us, and all we had to do was

to accept it as a free gift; then we should try to do all he wished us to do, not to gain heaven, but to show our love to him who had done so much for us. I do not think she quite understood it—it is hard for us to believe that all we have to do is “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

GOOD SERMON.—We had a good sermon to-day. The missionaries of the Church Mission Society are true evangelical preachers; they are generally very sound in the faith. They really seem as if they had come out here among the heathen with the fixed resolution of St. Paul when he said, “I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” In this heathen land we have so many trials and temptations which you little know or think of at home, that we are constantly made to feel our own weakness and inefficiency, and that we do need to be fed with the “pure milk of the word.” Our pastor to-day showed us our own nothingness, and yet our perfect completeness in Christ and his perfect love to us. I am completely discouraged when I hear a minister (as some do) striving

to show us what man ought to be, and what he should endeavor to make himself, and praising up the dignity of human nature. Such preaching may do very well for those who do not feel themselves to be great sinners, or who feel strong in themselves to do that which is right and to resist temptation; but for those who need to pray every day for forgiveness for doing that which they ought not to have done, and for leaving undone many things which they ought to have done—who feel that they are so prone to evil and so utterly devoid of strength to resist temptation, or to do one single thing that is right—such preaching does not suit; it makes you hopeless. I cannot believe in this doctrine of sinless perfection. I have seen many people who thought they had attained to it, but certainly as I understood the word of God, as to the real nature of sin in his sight, they were far, very far, from having attained to it. The Pharisees kept the outward letter of the law, but our Saviour said, except your righteousness shall exceed these, you will have no part in the kingdom of heaven. Now our Saviour says he came to save sinners, and



therefore I want to consider myself as one of those whom he came to save, and that I need that salvation just as much to-day as I did yesterday. To one who feels how constantly her footsteps slide, it is a comfort to be reminded of one who is able to keep you from falling utterly. When you feel like the sainted Apostle, that when you would do good evil is present with you, oh! then it is refreshing to know that you have trusted your all to him, and that he will be made unto you not only wisdom, and righteousness, and redemption, but sanctification also. It is his holiness I must be clothed with, not my own, if I ever enter heaven.

“Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
Oh ! Lamb of God, I come.”

This is the kind of preaching I like. If Christ came to save the righteous, then I should be in despair; but as the “Saviour of sinners,” I can claim him as mine. It is when we look round at these poor heathen, and call to mind that such were our ancestors—such were all

the nations upon earth—that we realize the greatness of the Saviour's condescension and love, in leaving his throne of glory to die for such as we.

HINDOO FESTIVALS.—In passing along the streets one day, we found ourselves in a great crowd of people, and as we approached the river the crowd seemed to increase. We found it was the celebration of a great Hindoo festival, which only occurs once in thirty-five years. The poor people believe that whoever bathes himself that day in a certain spot in the Ganges directly opposite Calcutta will be immediately cleansed from all his former sins. When he dies he will only have to account for sins committed after that bath. We were told that over 380,000 people had come from all the surrounding country for that ceremony. As we passed along to church (for it was Sunday), the streets were crowded with people going and returning from the river, some carrying children, others helping to bear or lead the aged, infirm, or blind. Those coming from the river were decorated with garlands, and their faces covered with white clay in honor of

their god. I could but think, as I watched these poor deluded ones hurrying to the stream for purification, of our own more favored land, and of that great feast which God has prepared for those that love him, in commemoration of the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. But, oh, how different it is, often, where that feast is being celebrated! Do we see old and young, rich and poor, by their eagerness to partake, proclaiming to others their knowledge of their infirmities, and their need of being cleansed in that sacred stream? Do we not rather see multitudes of those who frequent the house of God turn away from that feast, thus proclaiming that they are good enough and need no atonement? Not that that feast itself will cleanse them, but that there they proclaim their own needs, and their belief in the efficacy of the cleansing stream. And even with those who profess themselves to feel their need, do we see that diligent, earnest effort to bring beloved ones to its purifying influence? We may learn many lessons of the heathen.

POLLUTION.—My zenana ladies brought me

to-day some sweetmeats of their own make—the only kind I like—a preparation of cocoa-nut and curds, which is very good. While I was eating—my lessons were all over—one of the women, who I think is very fond of me, was sitting with her arms around me, and her little boy, about five years old, was standing beside her leaning upon her lap, but looking very wistfully at what I was eating. Without thought I broke off a piece, and was about to put it in the child's mouth; the mother quickly drew him away with an expression of intense horror. It would be a most fearful pollution for one of them to eat anything I had once touched. A grown up person who did so would lose caste immediately; but a little child would become unclean, and would have to go through a ceremonial purification, which would cause a great deal of trouble. I find that if a person loses caste here, they can buy it back again of the Brahmin priest, by going through a number of observances, and by paying a certain sum to the priest. This can be done in every case except where a person has been baptized; nothing can then repurchase his caste.

FAKIR, OR HOLY MAN.—The other day I saw a very holy man, as the people think him, a fakir or *Jagee*. He has made a vow that he will never take his arm down from one position over his head. Other people feed him and give him all he wants, because they think he is holy. He was a most disgusting looking object, for his arm was all withered and looked just like a thin piece of stick, as if the skin was just stretched over the bones. His nails are more than an inch long, just like great bird's claws, while his hair and beard have grown very long, and are matted together with filth. I don't suppose, now, it would be possible for him to move his arm without breaking it; he has held it so long in that position. He sat by the roadside begging, and many as they passed would throw him a small coin, since it is considered a very meritorious deed to give to these holy beggars. They are not nearly as numerous in the large cities as they formerly were, for the natives are becoming educated, and do not believe in the holiness of these religious mendicants, therefore do not give to them as they formerly did.

MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL.—To-day commences the great feast of the Mohurram; it is the greatest of all the Mohammedan festivals, and lasts about ten days. The last three days, however, are considered the most important. During the whole of this time, any one who has the misfortune to live near one of the Mohammedan villages cannot expect to get an hour's sleep or quiet. They keep up a continual din, night and day, but more especially those last three days, with drums, trumpets, tin kettles, bells, fifes, bugles, whistles—anything that will make a noise. This feast is in honor of the two brothers, Houssein and Hossien, the grandsons of Mohammed. On the first day the moulahs, or priests, go about among their people, reading or reciting an account of the exploits and sufferings of these two brothers. This is a brief account of them: They were the sons of a favorite daughter of Mohammed. Their father, Caliph Ali, was assassinated, and the assassin then took possession of the throne of Mohammed. after searching in vain for those two sons to kill them. At length the usurper died, and his son, whose name was Yezzed, succeeded

to the throne. Then some of the friends of the late Caliph Ali sent to Houssein, who was at that time at Medina, and told him that if he would now attempt to regain the throne of his father they would do all that they could to help him. Some few at once rallied round him; his brother Hossien and some other members of his family accompanied him. As soon as the usurper Yezzed heard of his departure from Medina, he sent an army of ten thousand men, who encamped between Houssein and the river Euphrates, and thus all supply of water was cut off from his devoted band of followers. Though small, his little band were most brave, and performed some most marvellous deeds. But at length, on the tenth day, they were entirely surrounded and every one of them slain. They cut off Houssein's head and carried it to Yezzed, who was at that time in Damascus. It is these ten days of suffering of this little band that is commemorated at the feast of the Mohurrum. There are processions each day, with mock fights, and on the last day they carry about representations of tombs and towers. In some of these processions they have the

finest Arabian horses that can be found, most gorgeously caparisoned, and adorned with gold and gems. These are to represent the horses of Houssein and Hossien. On parts of the trappings, and stuck on the faces, are round glass beads to represent the tears of the horses mourning for their masters, and a number of the men and boys in the crowd are beating their breasts and, apparently in the bitterest grief, shouting out the names of Houssein and Hossien. A stranger at first could hardly be persuaded that it was not real grief. The last night they are going about the streets almost the whole night long, carrying these tombs—some of them really very beautiful, but all made of bamboo and tinsel paper. They then have images of horses, covered with gashes and stuck all over with arrows; and they will also carry a lot of turbans, dresses and swords covered with blood. The things are all thrown into some water the next day. But during the procession the men become so excited and even frantic in their sham fights that they often wound themselves very severely, and the sham fight ends in a real one, in which many are very severely injured,



and often slain. In the larger cities, at the time of these processions, the English have a large police force appointed to attend them to prevent any such outbreak.

JUGGERNAUT.—Yesterday was the great feast of Juggernaut. The root of this word means “king of the world.” This idol at Puri is a wooden block in the shape of a cucumber, the upper portion representing a hideous human face. The streets were crowded with all sorts of people in holiday garb, and everywhere images of the god were for sale. In many streets, as you passed along, you saw small imitations of the great car of Juggernaut being drawn along by a crowd of men and boys. It did seem simple baby play, as the cars were none of them more than ten feet high, many of them not more than two feet. They are all made in the same form. Those that are about ten feet high will have a platform nearly ten feet square, from which rises a smaller one surmounted by a dome. The back and sides are covered with some kind of red cloth, decorated with tinsel and numerous small flags. Inside this upper story the idol is placed,

varying in height from two feet to four inches. He has an immense head and body, but no arms or legs. He is dressed in crimson silk, and glittering in mock gold and jewels. Just in front of him piles of flowers, arranged in wreaths, are laid. These the priests bless and sell to the natives. Where it is large enough six or eight priests stand on the lower platform, or, where the car is not large enough, walk beside it, distributing the flowers to the crowd. Just in front of the car, but placed so as not to touch the ground, are the figures of two horses and their drivers made of clay. A motley crowd of so-called musicians attend each car, making a hideous din as it passes through the street. And this is supposed to be worship acceptable to God. How different the way our Saviour tells us to worship! "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship *him* in spirit and in truth."

DECREASE OF IDOLATRY. — Two gentlemen called on me to-day. They have been travelling for the last fifteen months over India and Burmah for the express purpose of finding out the true state of religious and educational

affairs. They are Englishmen, belonging to the Society of Friends. They expressed themselves as well pleased with the progress made, the decrease of idolatry, and the rooting out of old prejudices. In one place an old Brahmin told him that the people were ceasing so widely the worship of their idols that they (the priests) hardly knew what to do for a livelihood.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.—As we came home from church last night we saw all the streets very prettily illuminated, that is, in the native part of the city, and everywhere we found numbers of sweetmeat venders with their temporary stalls. They set their lamps in long rows; they are very small, but they have a very pretty effect. These little lamps appear as if they might be the same that were in use thousands of years ago. The lamp is a little brass saucer with a lip to it, the wick being only a strip of rag, and when the saucer is filled with oil this wick just hangs out at the edge of the lip. This feast is held in honor of *Agni*, the god of fire. The worship of any of these gods scarcely ever consists in prayers or invocations, but simply in offering to them what

they think the gods will be pleased with. Now, as Agni is the god of fire, it is thought that he will be pleased with all these lights, and then all the gods are supposed to be delighted with the dancing of the *Mautch* (dance) girls, so that dancing, and their barbarous music, all night long accompanies all these festivals. All the baboos of any wealth or respectability keep up as many of these feasts as they can, as it is meritorious at these times to invite and feast as many Brahmins as they possibly can, and give them the pleasure of witnessing the *Mautch*. Then, too, all the poor people that can crowd in may see it, and may sometimes come in for a share of the feast that the Brahmins cannot possibly eat. It is in this way that the people here spend their money.

THINKING MEN.—I had a conversation, a day or two ago, with a pundit (literally, “learned man;” generally applied to a teacher of the Bengali language). He is a deist, but longs for the old customs of Hindooism to be done away. Especially does he bewail the lack of female education. He said: “You will find,

madam, that thousands of the young men of India are Christians; that is, in head belief; for the beauty, the truthfulness, and the purity of the Christian religion must commend itself to every educated mind. It is not our heads, but the affections of our hearts, that keep us from an open profession of Christianity. Were we to do this, we should become outcasts from our father's house; we should be cursed by our mothers; forsaken by our wives and little ones (for they are considered to belong to the family more than to ourselves, and they would be retained and taken care of by the family), and these little ones whom we love would be taught to hate us. Though we believe with our intellects, few of us have the courage thus to leave all for Christ's sake. It is our women that keep up Hindooism. When they become educated, as we men are, then you will see a mighty change. But should we become Christians, we not only have to give up all family ties—all that are near and dear to us—but we have to give up all share in property also, and we have to descend to be beggars and outcasts." I said: "I acknowledge this is very hard;

still, in all ages there have been found men brave enough to do even this." He turned upon me hastily and said: "Madam, I ask you in all fairness, were such laws to be made to-day in your Christian land, that if men who are already professing Christians—who know the truth well—should remain professors, they should lose all we do by making a profession, how many do you think would recant? Do you believe that, by this time next month, there would be half the number of professing Christians in the United States there are to-day? They still might be intellectual Christians, but would they be professing Christians?" With shame I had to confess that I believed it would be as he suggested. Persecution and trial test the true Christian. How little Christians at home realize the difficulties of a heathen making public profession of Christianity! They wonder that every one who hears the Word and sees the beauty of the faith of Jesus does not immediately embrace it. How many thousands of professing Christians at home are unwilling to give up worldly amusements, theatre, opera, for Christ's sake? And

yet they wonder that the poor heathen are not willing immediately to give up *all*—*all* that this life can give—for Christ. Strange, strange inconsistency! May God teach us to see things more clearly!

## CHAPTER TENTH.

### A CYCLONE.

**Y**OU have often heard of the terrible storms, hurricanes and cyclones that visit this land. We have just experienced one. People speak of it as the most fearful calamity that has ever visited Calcutta, and yet, thank God, we are all alive and unharmed. This part of India is generally visited every few years with a severe gale or hurricane, which the inhabitants have been expecting now for some time past. It has come at last, and was the severest cyclone that has been known here. It began on the 4th, with high winds and torrents of rain, and continued till the 5th, when it arose to the fury of a hurricane, blowing in every direction. All the windows of the European Orphanage, where I was living, are like large glass folding-doors, fastened, when shut, with strong iron bars. Outside of these are strong venetian doors, twice the size and thick-



ness of ours at home, fastened with strong iron bolts. These open outwards, the glass doors open inwards. We soon found that the wind was tearing them in pieces, and although we barricaded them and tied them with ropes, they snapped like sticks and broke like threads. The heavy wardrobes were dashed across the room, while the glass from the windows flew in all directions.

I cannot tell you how I felt here; I had a flock of seventy-four little ones to be protected. At first I thought they would be safer downstairs, but in a few minutes all our lower rooms had water over a foot deep. I then collected the children in the hospital, which is a separate building over our little church, connected with the house by a covered gallery. There I thought they would be the safest, as the main building in some measure sheltered them just then. I left them there for a little time, while I tried to see what could be done for the building. The upper story was the most exposed. We soon found the outer doors were torn completely away, but we tried, by piling beds, bureaus and wardrobes against the inner ones, to

keep them closed, for we feared if the wind got in the roof would be taken off. The elder girls meantime carried all articles of value down stairs. We soon found, however, that all our efforts there were useless. The iron bars of the windows were snapped or wrenched from their sockets, and came flying into the room with the furniture we had piled against them, and the glass was scattered about in every direction. We deemed it safer to leave that story to its fate, and not risk life and limb any longer there, fearing lest the roof would be blown off; as the doors and windows were opposite each other, and this made a free sweep for the wind. We did all we could to secure the lower rooms, and then I went back to the children.

Poor, frightened little flock! they gathered around me, each one eager to touch my dress, all beseeching me not to leave them. I told them that we were in a fearful gale, but that we had done all we could to make things secure; that God had told us that we must work and pray, and now, having done what we could, we must commend ourselves to our

heavenly Father's care, without whose permission not a hair of our heads could be hurt, although the house might fall to pieces. The more timid ones who were sobbing now hushed, then we sung a pretty little hymn commending ourselves to Almighty protection. I asked the children all to kneel with me, while I prayed to our heavenly Father, and I was deeply affected to hear every voice, even the baby's (not two years old), repeating each sentence of the prayer after me. The singing and prayer seemed so to calm those little ones that I did not hear another word of fear expressed, while later in the afternoon some of them said, "We have not felt the least fear since we prayed, for we know God will take care of us."

We had hardly risen from our knees when a tremendous blast came, bursting open some of the windows and causing the whole building to rock. Some people say we had a slight shock of earthquake at that time. We contrived, by great effort, to get the doors closed, and forced tables, benches and iron bedsteads against them; but as the wind had veered round this side, I felt that the children were no longer safe here.

In the main building there was one room entirely dark; but there would be no broken glass flying about in it, and I saw it was our last place of refuge. It was with intense anxiety that I saw the children again cross the gallery, for at the moment the full force of the wind came in that direction, taking us off our feet. It was impossible to have a light in the dark room, on account of the furious blasts of wind; but crowded as the dear children were together in much discomfort, with nothing to eat from seven in the morning, not a word of complaint did I hear. At 6 P. M. the storm began to abate, and about seven we could have a little food brought in from the cook-room; it had been ready before, but they could not bring it to us, and we never keep prepared food in the house from one meal to the next. We were truly thankful that the storm had subsided before night. The sight out-of-doors was sad in the extreme. Beautiful trees, the growth of a hundred years, were torn up by the roots, and not a plant or shrub was left in the garden. The trees fell across the compound wall, and on three sides it is level with the ground. Provi-

dentially they did not fall against the house—another mercy to be thankful for. After the storm was past, it took the wind a long time to sigh and sob itself to sleep, like a naughty child when its passion is over.

Oh, what a scene of desolation the sun rose on the next day! The streets and roads were completely blocked up by the fallen trees (they seem to have gone everywhere); it made me heart-sick to look on every side. It will take a century to make Calcutta look as it did before the storm. To add to our trouble, the Health Commissioner sent us word that all the branches and leaves of the fallen trees must be cut and carried away, as their decay would produce fever. We could perceive the necessity of the order, as in a very few hours the air became excessively heavy with the odor arising from them. But it was a very unfortunate time for getting anything done, as it was the season of the great Hindoo festival of the *Douglu Poojah*, when all business is suspended, and there is a general holiday for ten days. We finally succeeded in getting the compound cleared, by giving all the branches, wood, &c., to any one

who would come and take it away, and, as the poor people had suffered less in the country, they flocked in from there to get the wood.

The desolation seemed very great on shore, but the loss of life was comparatively small to that on the river. The sight on the strand the day after the storm was sad enough. Although the banks of the river are from ten to twelve feet above the water, one hundred and eighty ships have been carried twenty, thirty and fifty feet on the shore, while twelve have sunk. We passed eight of the English and China steamers, as large as the Cunard steamers, all on land, badly injured. On the opposite side of the river there are two places where ships have been crushed in heaps on the banks, while the number of smaller vessels and boats that have been dashed in pieces cannot be estimated. It is impossible to describe the spectacle the river presented, with numbers of dead bodies floating in it upon which the crows and vultures were feeding. It was a perfect eyelone, the wind appearing to blow from all points of the compass at once. The city looks as if it had been visited by an earthquake, for there is not

a single house left uninjured, and in many places the small houses of the poorer natives have been prostrated by whole villages together. The fiercest part of the storm spent itself in Calcutta and its environs, within a circuit of fifty miles, and is about as fearful a calamity as I have ever heard of. Language is powerless to convey its extent. Along the whole length of the river banks, from Gorder Reach to Diamond Harbor, were human bodies which had been washed on shore. A gentleman coming up the river counted five thousand. The papers say, "We are threatened with famine on the one hand and pestilence on the other." I could tell you much more of the fearful effects of this storm, but I fear I have already wearied you with the description.

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

### BRAHMINS AND CASTES.

LET me give a condensed account of what Brahminism is. The Brahmins are the priests of the Hindoo religion. It is by them that the holy books are preserved, and by them all their religious rites and ceremonies are performed, consequently their whole religion has for its object the elevation of themselves on the degradation of all the other classes. They say that Brahma was the great god—the creator—that he, in creating man, made four distinct castes—the Brahmins, who sprung from his mouth; the Kshatriyas, or Rajahs, or soldiers, came from his hands; the Vasiyas, or merchants, came from his loin; and the Sudras, or cultivators, which are the lowest. These are each again subdivided innumerably, but no man can ever change his caste. If, by any means, he happens to have the misfortune to break or lose his caste, he does not descend into a lower





A Silversmith. p. 181.



Eating in India. pp. 180, 181.



one, but he becomes an outcast. This is simply to be excommunicated, for while he is in this condition no one will speak to him, no one will buy or sell to him, or hold any business or social relations with him, and if he dies in this condition, he is forever excluded from any blessedness hereafter, and will always be associated with unhappy and evil spirits. Even if he has broken his caste involuntarily or been forced into it, it is of no consequence, he is still an outcast, and he can only be restored again by paying large sums of money to the Brahmins, and performing whatever penances they may see fit to inflict. The subdivisions of the different castes have become so numerous now that each distinct trade or calling is called a distinct caste or class, and every man must remain in the class of his father and follow his occupation. Now the whole system of the Hindoo worship is the work of the Brahmins, who, in their holy writings, have placed themselves far above the kings. One class only of these Brahmins are priests, and they perform all the religious rites and ceremonies; they are called *Gurns*. It is, of course, considered the

highest act of merit to give presents, &c., to a *Gurn*; but it is highly meritorious to feast or give presents to any Brahmin. The poor Hindoos have a great fear of all Brahmins, and especially of their *Gurns*. They believe that the blessing of a *Gurn* can pardon all their sins, and that the curse of a *Gurn* can condemn them forever to hell. Their holy books are full of fables that tell of the most wonderful and marvellous power of the Brahmins, and which fills the minds of the people with fear and dread of them. And the attendants or servants of a *Gurn*, or other holy man, do not hesitate to tell the greatest lies of the wonderful power of their master, which they themselves pretend to have seen.

The Shasters, or holy books, contain the code of laws by which the Hindoos are governed. I will give you a few quotations from them. Much that is written therein is so indecent that I could not possibly give it to you, but you will see by these that the laws were all made for the benefit of the Brahmins.

A Brahmin could not be put to death for any crime whatever; he might be imprisoned, fined,

banished, or have his head shaved, but his life could not be touched.

The fines paid to them from the religious ceremonies are greater than the tributes paid to the kings. I will give you a little list of these hereafter.

If a Sudra dared to wear the Brahminal badge or the sign of a Brahmin, he must be heavily fined.

If he in any way molested a Brahmin, he must be put to death.

If a Brahmin should steal one of the Sudra race, he must be fined; but if a Sudra stole a Brahmin, he must be burnt to death.

If a Sudra sat on a Brahmin's carpet, even by accident, the magistrate must brand him with a red-hot iron, and banish him from the kingdom.

If a Sudra spat upon a Brahmin, his lips must be cut off. (By a Sudra in these cases is meant any one not a Brahmin.)

If he pulled a Brahmin's hair or beard, or seized his neck, the magistrate must cut off both his hands.

If he listened to reproaches against a Brah-

min, he must have hot lead poured into his ears.

If a Brahmin beat or struck a magistrate, he must be fined; but if a Sudra did this, he must have an iron spit run through him and be roasted alive.

And these same Shasters teach that not only will they be thus punished on earth for any disrespect to the Brahmins, but the direst punishments will follow after death.

For any one to perform the most menial offices for a Brahmin is highly meritorious.

To present gifts to the Brahmins at the hour of death is spoken of in the Shasters as a work of merit, destroying all sin, and followed in the next world with great happiness. It is considered a great privilege to drink water in which a Brahmin has dipped his toe. And many low-caste men will do this daily, thinking thus to purify themselves, or to remove some disease.

To tell a lie to serve a Brahmin is an act of duty. If a Brahmin is reading the Veda, or holy books, aloud, it is sacrilege for any one even to listen, unless he orders him to do so.

FINES AND FEES TO BRAHMINS.—The following account of these is taken from “Ward’s India,” one of the best books on their manners and customs. He says, “It is evident that this whole fabric of superstition is the work of the Brahmins for their own especial benefit. No person may teach the Veda but a Brahmin; a spiritual guide must be a Brahmin; every priest must be a Brahmin; the offerings to the gods must be given to Brahmins.”

No ceremony is meritorious without a fee to the officiating Brahmin.

Numberless ceremonies have been invented to increase the wealth of the Brahmins. Three times, before the birth of a child, a Brahmin must repeat certain formulas, when he is feasted and receives a fee. This must be repeated at the birth; then when the child is eight days old; again when it is six months old; when it is two years old; once more at eight or nine; and again at marriage.

In sickness the Brahmin is paid for repeating forms for the restoration of the patient. After death, his son must perform the *Shard*, the offerings and fees at which are given to the

Brahmins—twelve times during the first year, and then annually.

If a Hindoo meets with a misfortune, he must pay a Brahmin to read incantations for its removal. If his cow dies, he must pay a Brahmin to make an atonement; if he loses a piece of gold, he must do the same. If a vulture settles on his house, he must pay a Brahmin to purify his dwelling. If he goes into a new house, he must pay a Brahmin to purify it. If he dies on an unlucky day, his son must employ a Brahmin to remove the evil effects of it. If a man cuts or digs a pool or a well, he must pay a Brahmin to consecrate it; if he dedicates a temple or a tree to the gods, or a new idol, he must do the same.

At the time of an eclipse, or on certain lunar days, gifts must be presented to the Brahmins. During the year about forty ceremonies are performed, when the Brahmins are feasted and receive fees. Besides these, there are numerous times when the Brahmins receive fees and are feasted—as, if a person supposes himself to be under the influence of an evil planet, or if any special vow is made. A ceremony is performed



at the time of the smallpox ; when people fast ; for the removal of cutaneous diseases ; at the daily offering of worship to the family god ; when the farmer reaps his harvest ; when a tradesman begins his business ; when a fisherman builds a new boat, or begins to fish in a new place—these, and many others too numerous to mention. At different festivals, perhaps a hundred feasts will be given at one village on the same day. The cooks must all be Brahmins who have been paid for their services in getting this all ready by the masters of the house, and they must only stand by and look on while their guests eat, and then dismiss them with presents. At the house of a Rajah, at particular festivals, sometimes as many as twenty thousand Brahmins are feasted.

“ Thus, you see, every form and ceremony of religion, all festivals, and every accident and concern of life, draws a fee from the poor Hindoo to the Brahmin.” It is the most onerous system of oppression that ever existed, but the poor Hindoo’s belief in it is as firm and deep-rooted as superstition, ignorance, and terror can make it. Do you wonder that it is so difficult

to bring the gospel of Jesus to the acceptance of the people? The Brahmin, with all his pride, haughtiness and self-sufficiency, is very loth to give up his dominion, absolute as it is, over the bodies, souls, and property of his fellow men, and to be placed on the same level with the poor sudra, who hitherto has almost worshipped him, as a poor, guilty sinner before God, and who equally needs the atoning blood of Christ with this poor fellow whom he has hitherto despised. Oh, what a deep humbling of the pride of the human heart this is! Men brought up in a Christian land cannot realize it. For the greatest king on earth to place himself on a level with the lowest and most degraded beggar in his land, and not only to consider himself but to have every one else consider him really and truly on that same level, would not be half as revolting to him as it is for a Brahmin to consider himself, and to be considered by others, and even by God himself, on the same platform as the lowest sudras. Oh, dear friends, it is nothing but grace, marvellous grace, that can ever work such a miracle as this! And then, the poor ignorant

people have always looked up to these men as demigods. In fact, they are thought even more powerful than the gods, for they believe that they can force the gods to do what they please. Do you wonder that they do not accept a religion, the receiving of which, or even listening to which, draws down upon them the most terrible curses of these men to whom they have always looked up with such reverence, respect and fear? The longer I remain in India the more I look upon each native Christian as a miracle of divine power. Surely, this religion is Satan's masterpiece for the destruction of human souls. It seems impossible that anything more diabolical could have been invented.

CASTE CUSTOMS.—What a heavy burden this caste must be upon the poor people here! Yesterday a poor woman, one of the very lowest caste, who was cutting grass in the compound, was suddenly seized with cholera (she was dead in a few hours). One of the servants came in a great hurry to tell me. I immediately took some chlorine—which the doctor had told me always to keep in the house for any such emergency—and went out with it to her; but she

would not take it because I had touched the vessel that contained it. Poor thing! she lost her life in consequence; as of course the disease got thoroughly hold of her before anything could be done, since they had to carry her home, and then get her some native remedies.

To-day the housekeeper called the *bearer* several times, but he neither came nor answered; so she went out to his little house to see if he was there, and she found him eating his dinner. He immediately rose and came to me in a great rage, and with bitter complaints demanded money, not only to buy fresh food, but also to replace his cooking utensils, which he had been obliged to break and throw away. For Mrs. G. had gone into his room and stood on the same floor with his food; therefore it had become so polluted that not only must he throw that food away, but the vessels must be destroyed, as it would break his caste to eat food that might even be cooked in them again. What bondage! Surely Satan is a hard master.

In one of my zenanas I have two women who have been quite sick—one with a low fever—for some time. I found her better to-day; her

fever had left her, but she was very weak and her pulse very feeble. Her mother asked me what she should give her to eat. I could not think, as I knew they would not touch beef tea or chicken broth. At length I suggested some arrowroot with port wine. "Oh, no; port wine she must not touch; it is against her caste." Then I told her how to make a custard. But again she must not touch a chicken's egg. Yet strange to say, I found that though they may not touch a chicken's egg, they may a duck's eggs. They could give me no reason why this should be so, only it is so. I then told her to use a duck's egg, and to take a stick of cinnamon and boil it in the milk to take away the strong taste of the duck's egg. It really must be hard for them to remember what they may or may not eat. I do trust that the day is not far distant when they shall learn that it is not in meats or drinks that we serve God, but in righteousness and true holiness.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

### SUPERSTITIONS.

**D**YING MAN.—Yesterday I was passing through one of the little villages of native huts that are scattered up and down throughout the city. The people of one class or caste generally cluster together in one place. All in this village, though poor, are of very good caste, but the women are not permitted to be seen. The houses are small and poor, not much more than mere mud huts, with a little spot of ground as a sort of court attached to each. This is enclosed by a mud wall, or a sort of fence made of matting, to screen the female inmates of the house from the other inhabitants of the village, when they may be obliged to be in this court, for it is here that they perform all their culinary operations. I pity the women, who are of good caste, who have to live in these poor villages, for they are even worse off than those in the larger zenanas, as their quarters are so much

closer and more stifling. Yet I teach in several of these, but not in this village; I had never been here before, but I was opening a girls' school near by, and wanted to see if I could not get some scholars here. I know more of these places in the city already than many English ladies who have lived here most of their lives. Few will penetrate into these places, but I have no fear, consequently I was the first white woman that most of these women had seen, and so was an object of much curiosity. As I passed along, I saw a poor man lying on the ground outside one of the huts, in a high fever and wildly raving in delirium, two men holding him. He was very ill, and yet lying out in the broiling sun. I begged them to take him into the house in the shade, and put ice or cold water on his head; but they said, "No! that was not their custom. They were sure he was going to die, and they were only waiting till his brother should come, then they were going to take him down to the Ganges, and lay him by that sacred river to die there. They had been afraid that he might die before the brother came, and so they had brought him out

of the house and laid him there, as some dreadful misfortune would be sure to happen if they allowed him to die in the house." I again begged them to place him in the shade and give him some water. They would not listen to me. "It was not their custom." Surely, surely, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Unchristianized humanity is as the brute that perisheth.

GHOST STORY.—I went over to Bishop's College the other day, to spend the evening, and I met there a Mr. F——, one of the students. He is an Italian. He was a Roman Catholic priest—a friar of the Capuchin order—in Sicily. About five years ago he became a convert to Protestantism, and now he is studying for a few months before he is ordained in the Episcopal Church. He says he has had a sore trial in being disowned by his family, since his profession of the Protestant faith. He cannot hear from one of them; but more especially he feels it with regard to his mother. Oh, what an influence for good or for ill a mother wields! To see the strong, middle-aged man bow down at thoughts of his mother, where nothing else



will move him, should be a lesson, indeed, to mothers of how they use their influence. He was telling us of some of his experiences as a friar. Among other things he said: "In my convent under the Capuchin monastery in the island of Sicily,\* we had very extensive catacombs, laid out in different corridors and galleries. Some were for the rich gentlemen of the island, others for the ladies, and others, again, for children. These passages and galleries would receive light and air from above, so that, though under ground, yet they were perfectly lighted and ventilated. One of these galleries was exclusively devoted to the reception of the remains of the friars of the convent, and here they had been buried for several hundreds of years. When a friar died—and the same mode was observed with all others brought here—the body was embalmed and placed in a box; then a deep hole was dug in the convent

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\* On my last return to this country, our steamer stopped at Palermo, in the island of Sicily, and I went on shore and visited these Catacombs, and I saw everything exactly as he described it—even to the old fellow who had so frightened him.

grounds, and the box was put upright into the hole, with a large stone covering the top. The bodies here dried up, leaving the entire skeleton with a skin like parchment over it. At the end of the year the body was disinterred, the habiliments of the grave were taken off, and it was re-dressed—the friars in the habits of their order, the rich ladies and gentlemen in costly apparel, as though they were going to some grand entertainment. These, as I saw them, appeared to me far more ghastly than the friars. In the galleries devoted to the ladies and gentlemen the bodies were lying on shelves with a wire network in front of them. Many of the ladies in blue, white, or pink satin ball dresses, with white satin shoes on, and white kid gloves hanging loose on the bony, fleshless hands, and on the grinning, fleshless skull, wreaths of artificial flowers. Oh, it was, indeed, a mockery of death; the most ghastly, hideous spectacle it was possible to behold. Each one had his or her name, with the date of death, on a metal label hanging round the neck. The dates of some were over three hundred years old; others not three years ago. Imagine

friends coming to gaze at their loved ones in this state! As I looked at the sad proofs of the triumphs of our great enemy, how I thanked God for the gospel of Jesus, which teaches us that 'Death is swallowed up in victory;' and that when we lay the mortal remains of our loved ones to sleep in the dust, we can feel that he is not here—he is risen. How very little Romanism is superior to heathenism! The friars, however, dressed in the habit of the order, are placed each one in a niche in the wall, in an upright position, held so by means of cords round the waist and neck, fastened to hooks behind in the niche. There are two or three very long galleries appropriated exclusively to these friars. The passages or galleries are about six feet wide, and the niches with the figures in them line the whole passages on either hand; a tall man, standing in the centre, could stretch out his arms and touch the figures on each side. Here, in this ghostly company, many of the more devout friars go to pray; and on certain days, the friends of the deceased were allowed to come and light candles in front of them, and there pray for the

repose of their souls. A light also was kept burning all night, for the benefit of those who might choose to come and watch and pray at that time; for, like the heathen, they think the greater the suffering the greater the merit. It was the duty of the young novice to go down every evening, just at dark, to light this lamp.

“One evening one of the other novices and myself were sent to perform this duty. As we went we were laughing and chatting to keep up our spirits, for you must know that we were all of us in the convent very superstitious, and firm believers in ghosts. I was standing on a step-ladder and about to light the big lamp which hung from the ceiling, when I cast my eyes in the corner of the gallery, and there, only a few feet from where we stood, I saw one of these old friars, who had been dead for many years, nodding his head, and shaking it from side to side. Imagine my horror. I can hardly now recall my feelings without shuddering. Clutching my companion’s shoulder, I pointed out to him the horrid sight. He screamed with terror, and let fall the lantern from his hands, thus leaving us in total dark-

ness. Who can describe our agonizing terror as we sought to regain the entrance, particularly as we were compelled to pass this object in that narrow passage on our way out! We fancied every moment a hand would be stretched out to seize us. In our fright we mistook the way, and were, therefore, a long time in getting out. Had there been one only instead of two of us, he certainly never would have come out alive; terror would have killed him. Our screams, as we fled up the stairs after we did find the entrance (it is a very long flight), soon summoned the holy brotherhood, the abbot amongst them. It was some time before we could recover ourselves sufficiently to tell the cause of our distress. The abbot then ordered the old sacristan to take a light and go down and examine into the matter, telling us that if he found we had been deceiving him, he would impose a heavy penance upon us. The poor old sacristan, it was evident, did not like the duty imposed on him. He went down the steps very slowly and carefully, holding the light high above his head; but he had scarcely reached the entrance ere he uttered a frightful

yell, and came tearing up the stairs at a very different pace from that at which he had descended. As soon as he could recover breath he exclaimed, 'The devil is there! the devil is there!' And most loudly he confirmed what we had seen. The abbot then sent for a vase of holy water and a censer of incense, and armed with these to drive away the evil one, the whole body of friars descended, many of them bearing lights. They paused ere they reached the entrance, all those that had torches or lights holding them aloft, so that they might throw their light upon that one poor old figure. But they were all nearly as much frightened as we had been when they perceived the poor old head shaking from side to side, and nodding violently at them. The abbot threw his vase of holy water at the poor mummy, muttering some incantations, but the actions of the head only seemed to become more frantic. You almost wondered that it was not shaken off the body by the violence of the motions. At length one, a little braver than the rest, went a little nearer to take a closer inspection, and then he quickly found out the cause of this strange

phenomenon. When buried, the face of this corpse had not been properly tied up, and the lower jaw had fallen, leaving the mouth wide open, but he had a long beard and mustache. By some strange chance a rat (whether bent upon some wise anatomical discovery or not I cannot say) had crawled up the body and into the open mouth, but when once there he could not turn round or get out again (a strange rat-trap), and his wild efforts to free himself caused the motions that had excited our alarm. His tail had so mingled with the hair of the beard that at a distance we had not seen it." I dare say many another rat before and since has been the veritable hero of a ghost-story. The Italian told us many other incidents of convent life, none, however, tending to increase our idea of its holiness. One penance which these novices had to perform when they talked too much was to scrape their tongues along the ground for a distance of about a hundred yards. It was a cruel punishment, but one which effectually prevented them from committing the same offence,—for some days any rate. He told us that there was scarcely

one Italian priest that had ever seen any more of his Bible than what was found in his rosary. It is sad to know this fact. In many places these are the only professing Christians that the heathens have ever seen.





Talks about India.



A boat on the Ganges.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

### THE SACRED GANGES.

**D**YING BY THE GANGES.—I had a pupil in one of my zenanas, to whom I had become quite attached. She was a high-caste woman, but one day, when seeing after the cooking, she let a billet of wood fall upon her foot. At first she did not think much of it, though it was very painful. The pain continued to grow worse and worse, and to extend further up the leg, and, as was discovered afterwards, she had broken the bone, and a terrible abscess formed. I begged them to have a doctor, but they would not consent; till at last she was suffering so frightfully that they sent for an English doctor, and hiding her behind a curtain, they let her put her foot through, that he might see it. He said it was too late, he could do nothing, gangrene had set in. Every time I went there she seemed glad to see me, and I always tried to point her to the Saviour, who

had prepared a home in heaven for her if she would only accept it. The last time I went there she was unconscious, but her daughter-in-law told me that she had been praying to the one great God; she would not look at one of her idols, or call on one of their names. And who shall limit the tender mercies of the Most High? He requireth from a man that which he hath, not that which he hath not. The brazen serpent in the wilderness has been a great comfort to me in my work here, for I feel that if one look at that could save the Israelite who had been bitten by the fiery serpents, surely one look at the cross of Christ will be sufficient to save those who have been so sorely bitten by the old serpent, the devil. She continued in this unconscious state for two or three days, and then they thought she was dying. So the old people insisted upon carrying her down to the Ganges to die. She was laid upon a *chorpoy* (a sort of low bedstead). The legs and side posts of it are made of bamboo, and a sort of sacking is made by interlacing twine across. On this the sick or dying person is placed, without mattress or pillow; only a sheet being

thrown over them. This woman was taken to the river, the feet of the *chorpoy* being placed in the water. *Two* servants were left to watch her, and to give her water if she should want any. *Two* were left to watch, so that when she did breathe her last, one might remain with the corpse, while the other returned to give notice to the family. She lay there in this state of unconsciousness for twenty-four hours, and then quietly passed away. The servant immediately informed the family, and the son directly went down to see his mother burnt, and to perform the funeral *shrad*. In a few hours nothing remained of her but a little heap of ashes. Does not heathenism destroy every vestige of humanity? Here was a tender, loving mother left in her last moments to die without one of her loved ones near her. The Lord hasten the day when the love of "God shed abroad in their hearts" shall teach them true love to one another!

THE SACRED RIVER GANGES.—The Ganges is nearly two thousand miles in length, and varies in breadth from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half. The river is very sacred, and, in-

deed, is considered one of their greatest divinities. It is called the great goddess Gunga. Their Shasters, or holy books, tell them that the touch of the Ganges water takes away all sins, however great. Morning and evening the Hindoos like to bathe in this river to remove the sins of the night or of the day. Those who live far away from its holy waters will give large sums to obtain a bottleful, and many men walk hundreds of miles to fetch jars of it, and then sell it at a very high price.

In Ward's India he gives a long account of this river. I select a few sentences from it that you may see how its waters are prized. He says: "The Hindoos are extremely anxious to die in sight of the Ganges, that their sins may be washed away in their last moments. A person in his last agonies is frequently dragged from his bed and his friends, and carried, in the coldest or hottest weather, from great distances to the river side, where he lies, if a poor man, without a covering day or night until he expires. With the pains of death upon him he is placed up to the middle in the water and drenched with it. Leaves of the *toolsey*

plant are put in his mouth, and he is told to repeat the names of different gods, as Vishnoo, Siva, Gunga. The relatives or attendants will then take up some of the mud of the river and daub his forehead, breast, and body. If a person choose to die at home his memory becomes infamous." Another authority says: "It is estimated that upon an average one thousand sick persons per day are brought to the Ganges to die." Formerly, when a sick person was once taken to that river to die, he was regarded by the Hindoo law as dead already. His property was taken possession of by his heirs, and if he did recover, which sometimes happened, he became an outcast. He was not allowed to re-enter his home, and no one would give him anything to eat or do anything for him, and he generally died at length of starvation. Now, the English government insists, when such a person recovers, that he shall be taken back to his own home, but in that case they have to pay a large sum of money to the Brahmin priests to prevent the family losing caste. When a person dies without having been brought to the Ganges, friends will

try to have him burnt near this river; and when they cannot bring the whole body, they will frequently bring a single bone and cast it into the river, under the hope that it will help the soul of the deceased.

One of their old and sacred books, called *Kriya-yogūsarū*, has this story in it: "A Brahmin, who had been guilty of the greatest crimes, was devoured by wild beasts; his bones only remained. A crow took up one of these bones and was carrying it over *Gūnga* (the river Ganges), when, another bird darting upon it, the crow let the bone fall. As soon as the bone touched *Gūnga* the Brahmin sprung to life and was ascending to heaven, when the messengers of *Gūmā* (the judge of the dead) seized him as a great sinner. At this time *Narayunu's* (*Narayunu* is one of the names of *Vishnoo*) messengers interfered, and pleaded that the sins of this man, since one of his bones had touched *Gunga*, were all done away. They then appealed to *Vishnoo*, who decided in the Brahmin's favor. The Brahmin immediately went to heaven."

Dear friends, might we not impress a lesson



by this Hindoo fable? A sinner, no matter how vile he may be, if with the slightest faith—the smallest particle of faith—he can but touch Jesus, all his sins, no matter how vile, are instantly removed; and although “the accuser of the brethren” may rise up against him and bring all his sins to his remembrance, he can say triumphantly, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,” and he can rest assured that he will enter heaven. Pray that these poor Hindoos, as a nation, may soon learn to know of that “fountain” which is open “for sin and for uncleanness.”



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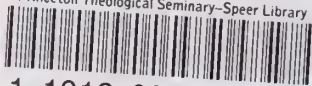




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A woman's talks about India, or, The

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